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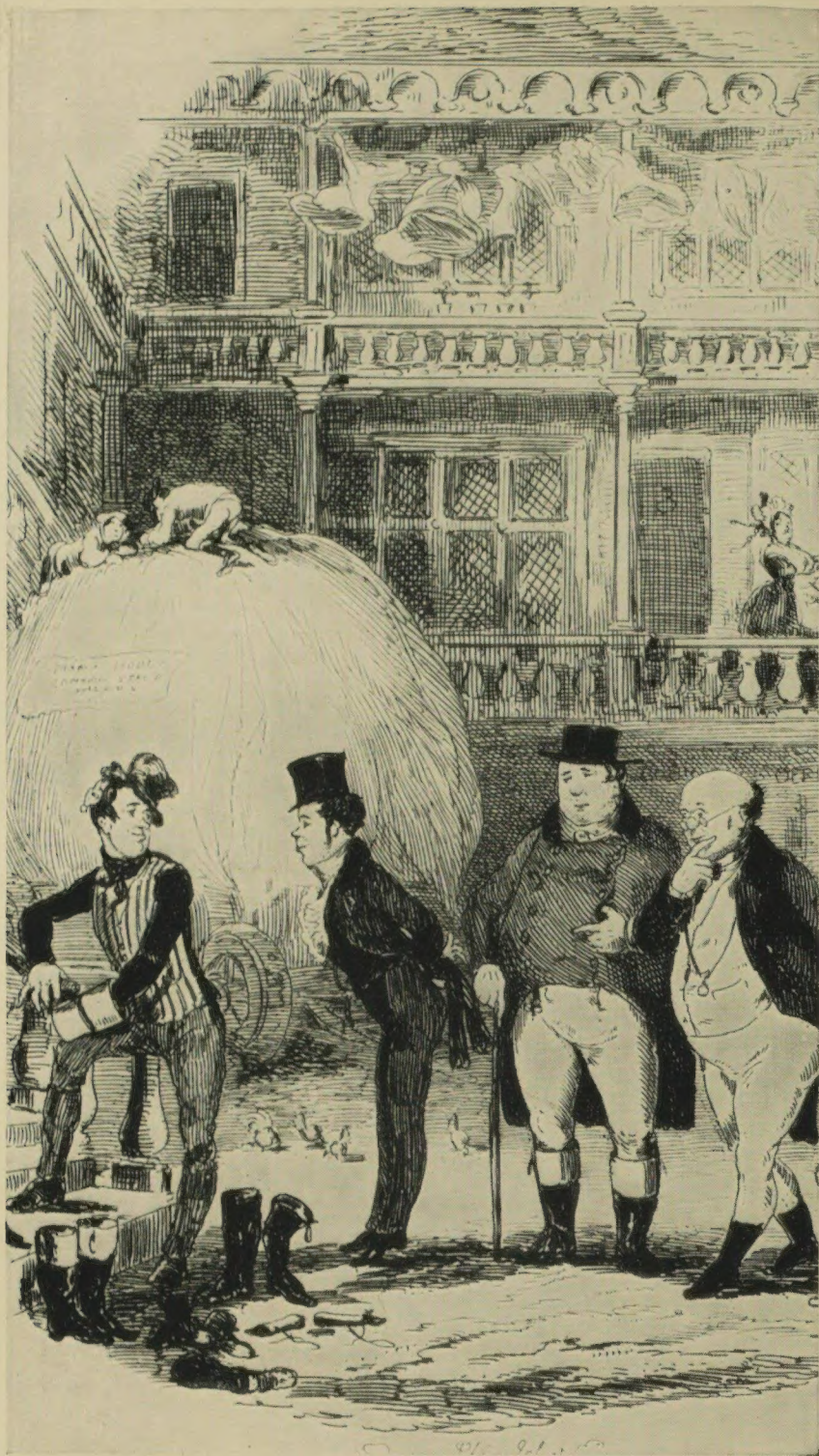
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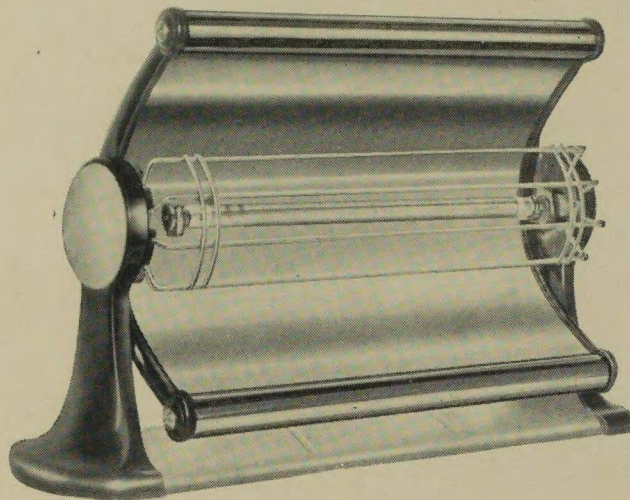
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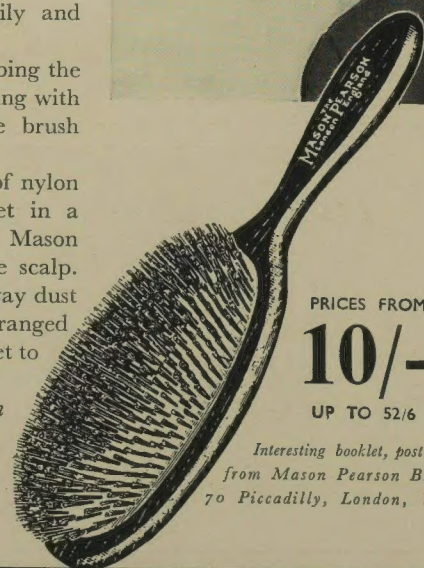
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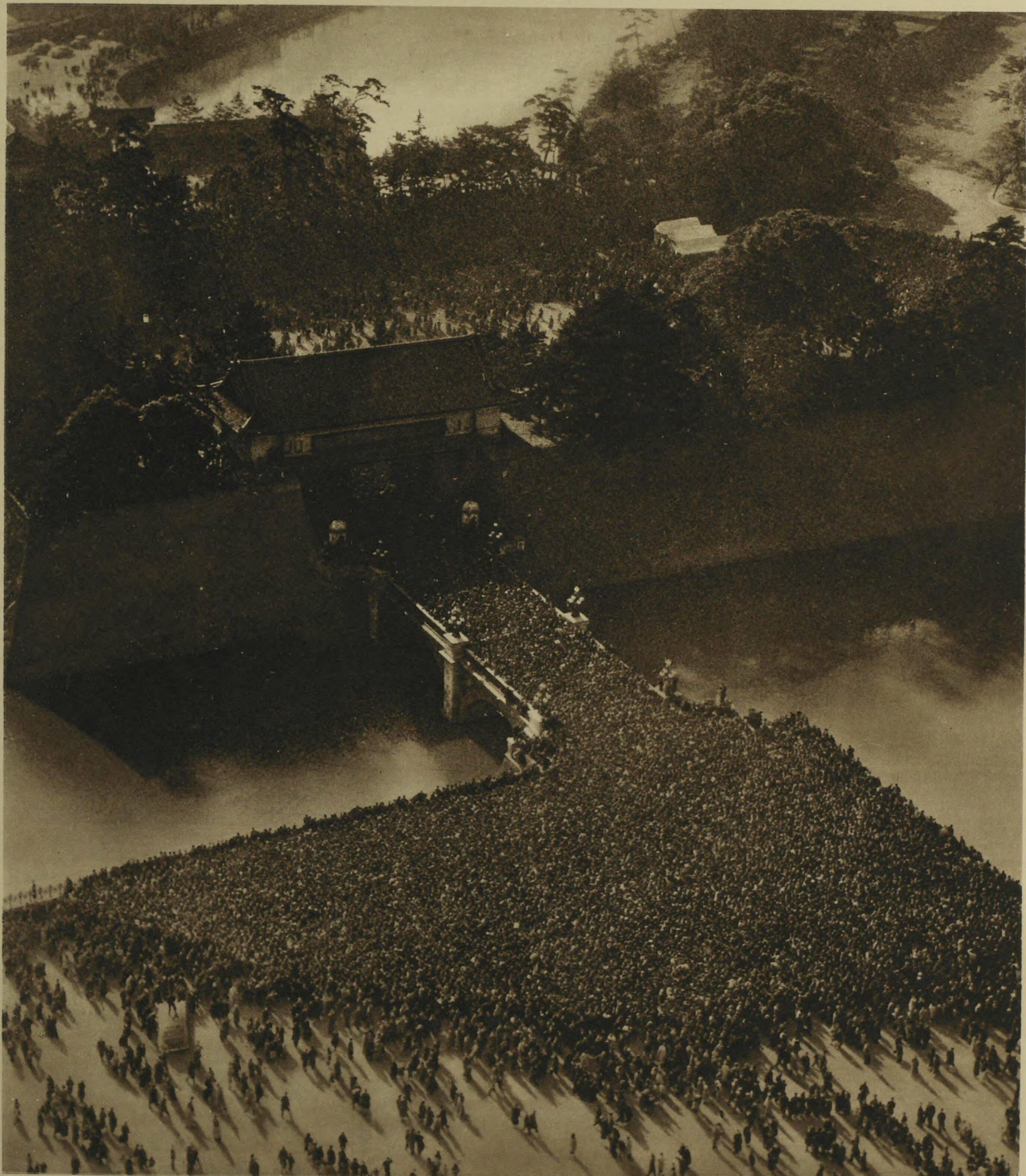
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1934.



A TOKYO CROWD DISASTER IN WHICH SIXTEEN PEOPLE WERE CRUSHED TO DEATH WHEN THOUSANDS WENT TO PAY NEW YEAR HOMAGE TO THE EMPEROR: THE HUGE THROG OUTSIDE THE IMPERIAL PALACE.

This aerial photograph of the scene outside the Imperial Palace in Tokyo shows the huge crowd which poured over the "Nijubashi," the double bridge, into the Palace grounds to pay their New Year respects to the Emperor and Empress. In the mêlée sixteen people were trampled to death and over forty others were injured. It has been reported that the occurrence has resulted in the resignation

of Tatsuo Takesue, the Chief of the Imperial Household Police; and also the resignation of the Chief of the Tokyo Metropolitan Police. The Japanese claim that their Empire was founded by the first Emperor Jimmu Tennō, 660 B.C., and that the dynasty founded by him still reigns. The present Emperor, Hirohito, was born in 1901, and succeeded his father in 1926.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I SEE that Mr. Aneurin Bevan, who, however, is often, like other men, misreported in the Press and may have been misreported on this occasion, is said during his visit to Egypt to have been characteristically outspoken about his supposed friends, the present rulers of Egypt. "There," we are told,* "he faced a battery of leading Egyptian politicians and reporters, including representatives of the official *Neguib* paper, *The Republic*, to which he is now contributing. He replied to questions:

There is absolutely no difficulty I can see after a visit to Egypt in the way of agreement being reached.

And he snapped back at an Egyptian who queried British "occupation" of the Canal Zone.

There is no British occupation; our troops are there by agreement. If the Egyptians don't wish to renew their agreement after 1956 that is their affair.

Mr. Bevan told reporters earlier:

The energies of Egyptians should be directed towards raising the standard of living. From what we have seen there is plenty of room for that here.

'Surely that is our business,' an Egyptian correspondent retorted bitterly. 'Yes, surely it is,' said Mr. Bevan. 'But you asked me for my impressions of the Egyptian problem and its solution.'

In reply to another question he said: 'There has not been a revolution in this country, only a *coup d'état*. The social revolution which should have followed has not even started.'

Many people, accustomed to the expression by Mr. Bevan of views on the Egyptian question of a rather different kind, were no doubt surprised by these remarks. The Egyptians seem to have been particularly surprised. Personally I was not in the least. They were merely the views that any intelligent and humane Briton, with a pair of eyes in his head and a respect for justice and the dignity of man, would form after a visit to Egypt. It is one thing to hold a theoretical belief, based on the liberal ideals that have gradually grown up over the centuries in this sheltered and fortunate Christian island, that Egyptians should enjoy the same right to control their own affairs as the people of Britain enjoy over theirs. That is only justice and good sense. But it is quite another, as scores of thousands of young Britons know who, during the last decade, experienced in the defence of human freedom against the Nazis a rather disillusioning sojourn in Egypt, to approve the kind of social injustice and iniquity that habitually goes on in that country. The miserable, squalid and filthy habitations of the Egyptian working-class, the sickening contrast between wealth and poverty, the disease and vice which flourish in the Nile Valley have nothing whatever to do with British imperialism. They were not brought there by Cromer, Kitchener or Lloyd. They were—and are—the result of long Egyptian history: that is, of deeply-rooted Egyptian habits and beliefs. They will only be changed when those habits and beliefs are changed. They were not changed, as many people in this country, including some in authority, rashly supposed when *Neguib* in his revolution of violence supplanted *Farouk*. Egyptians without wealth and power are, and always have been, oppressed because most Egyptians when they obtain wealth and power do not, whatever they may say to the contrary, believe in social justice. A few may, but not enough to change the age-long regimen of kicks, filth and undernourishment for the poor and luxury and vulgar extravagance for the rich. Turn a poor Egyptian into a rich Egyptian and the social picture remains the same. The oppressed and exploited become the oppressor and exploiter. Nor, as those who love Egypt know, is this incompatible with the individual virtue of many admirable Egyptians.

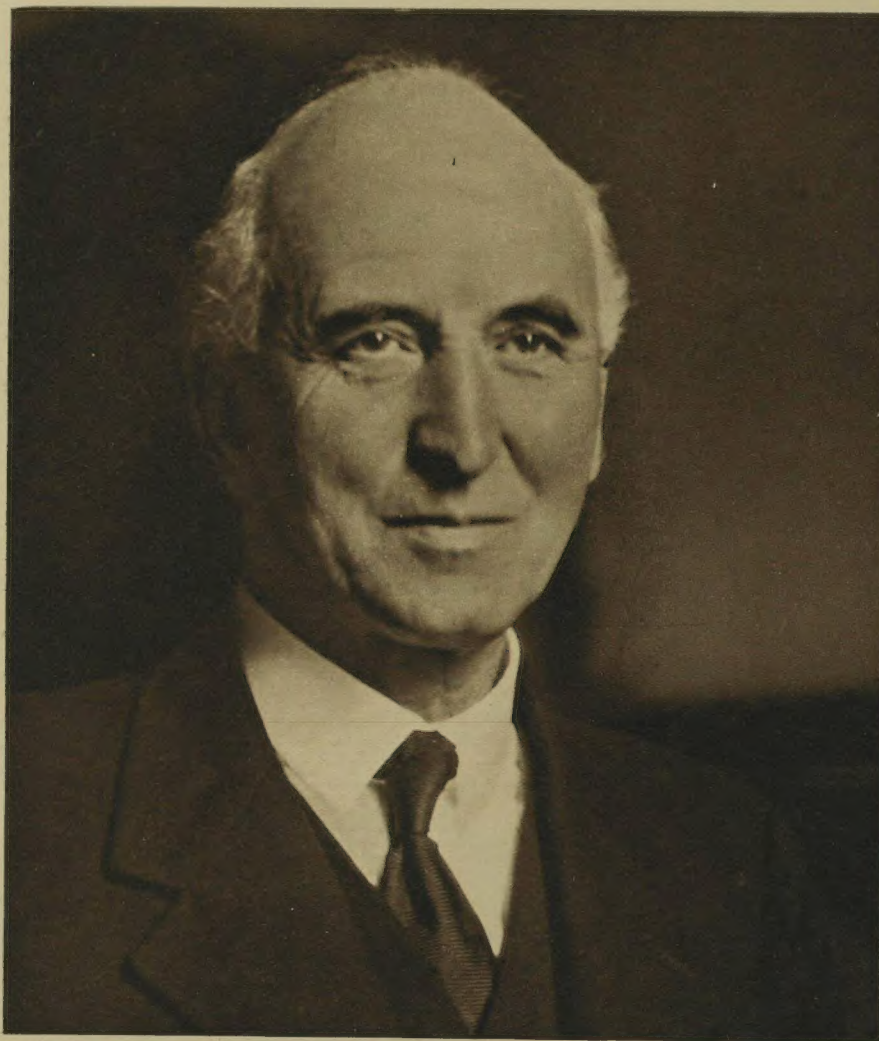
There is nothing, of course, exclusive to Egypt in such a state of affairs. In many other countries of the Orient—and not only of the Orient—a deeply-rooted social injustice has flourished from time immemorial. It might, and no doubt could, be eradicated, but it is foolish to suppose that

it would be easy to do so or that it will be eradicated automatically. The impact of the Christian and comparatively—I use the word *comparatively* advisedly—humane West has not been, as we often guiltily but ignorantly suppose, to increase the exploitation of the poor and oppressed in Eastern lands. For this, even if Western capitalists and imperialists had been all that their bitterest critics had painted them as being, would scarcely have been possible. It does not seem within the capacity of nature to create worse and filthier slums than those of a rich Egyptian city. One does no service to either the Egyptian worker and peasant or the Egyptian patriot with a patriot's pride in his country's institutions to pretend that things are otherwise. Our own standards and practice of social justice are very far from being perfect, but they are at least higher than those that prevail in Egypt or, indeed, in most other lands outside the Commonwealth. Probably only in the Scandinavian countries, Holland and the United States and in

one or two others are they equalled or surpassed. This is nothing to be complacent about or to boast over, for any advantages we may possess in this respect are the result of history and of events that happened long before either we or our foreign contemporaries were born. But it does not advance the cause of human progress to shut one's eyes to facts or to imagine them to be other than what they are.

All this is something that every British subaltern and private, administrator and missionary who has lived and worked in the East has known for the past two centuries. But it is a knowledge that was hidden from the ordinary Briton by the fact that, unlike this small minority of his countrymen, he had never been out of his own country. He could not comprehend or imagine what he had never seen or experienced. This mattered comparatively little until after the first German war, because, until the Representation of the People Act 1918, British policy abroad was directed by the members of a political minority who, whatever their failings in other respects, were comparatively well-informed about the world outside Britain. But since 1918 British foreign and imperial policy has been controlled by a majority who, through no fault of its own, was not only ignorant of what went on in the great world outside this small island, but was usually wildly misinformed about it. And because its members and their ancestors had suffered injustice and oppression in Britain itself, that majority—often misled by speakers and writers who should have known better—assumed, not unnaturally, that the minority of their countrymen whose forerunners had been responsible for such misgovernment were speaking selfishly and mendaciously when out of their wider

knowledge of the world they defended Britain's record and civilising influence beyond the seas. It clamoured, like the equally ignorant critics of British "imperialism" in the United States, for the liquidation of that "imperialism" and the "liberation" of their fellow oppressed in other lands under the British flag. By doing so, as events in the Southern Sudan are before long only too likely to prove, they did not widen the boundaries of human liberty and social justice, but narrowed them. When Britain was strong and believed in her mission in the nineteenth century, slavery, tyranny, cruelty and injustice were, on the whole, diminishing in the world. To-day, in the twentieth century, when Britain is weak because her people have lost faith in the righteousness of her civilising mission, they are increasing. That is why I rejoice at every recognition by those whose task it is to educate popular opinion that the ideals we value have to be won not only in Britain but in the world outside it. They were contended for within the narrow bounds of this island by our forbears and handed down to us as a result of constant effort and sacrifice. We do not wish to impose them on others—which would be a denial of their validity—but to make them prevail by every just and peaceful means in our power and to preserve the instruments that we and our forefathers have created for their furtherance. Oppression, cruelty, injustice and inhumanity are as evil and as much to be detested and opposed in the Valley of the Nile as in that of the Thames.



DIED ON JANUARY 11 AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY: LORD SIMON, A FORMER LORD CHANCELLOR, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, HOME SECRETARY AND FOREIGN SECRETARY.

Lord Simon, 1st Viscount Simon of Stackpole Elidor, died in Westminster Hospital on January 11. He had been admitted to the hospital during Christmas for an examination. Lord Simon, who was born in 1873, was the only son of a Congregational Minister; he was educated at Fettes College, Edinburgh, and Wadham College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar in 1899. As Sir John Simon he became Foreign Secretary in the National Government in 1931, and was appointed Home Secretary in the Cabinet reshuffle of 1935. In 1937 he succeeded Mr. Chamberlain as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and three years later became Lord Chancellor. He was knighted in 1910 and created a viscount in 1940.

A STRUGGLE PROMISED MORE U.S. ASSISTANCE: FRANCE'S GRUELLING WAR IN INDO-CHINA.



A FRENCH UNION RECONNAISSANCE PATROL FROM DIEN BIEN PHU UNDER MORTAR-FIRE FROM A VIET-MINH AMBUSH IN THE JUNGLE: THE ENEMY SET THE UNDERGROWTH ABLAZE.



PROGRESSING BY CLAMBERING OVER THE ROCKS ON THE BANKS OF A DEEP RIVER: FRENCH TROOPS DURING A RECENT MARCH FROM THE STRONGPOINT OF DIEN BIEN PHU.

In his State of the Union Message on January 7, President Eisenhower gave definite pledges in connection with the United States' military aid to France. Congress, he stated, would be asked to authorise further material assistance to hasten the successful conclusion of the Indo-Chinese struggle, and to bring closer the day when the Associated States would be able to enjoy the independence already promised by France. Our photographs from Indo-China give some idea of the type of country in the neighbourhood of Dien Bien Phu, the fortified town



A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION OF THE DIFFICULTIES PRESENTED BY THE COUNTRY: FRENCH UNION TROOPS AMID THE THICK VEGETATION.



ILLUSTRATING THE DENSE JUNGLE THROUGH WHICH TROOPS MUST FORCE THEIR WAY: FRENCH UNION TROOPS ON THE MARCH DURING A RECENT OPERATION IN LAOS.

which was seized by French and Viet-Nameese troops some weeks ago. On January 10, General Franchi, French Commander in Central Laos, announced that the Viet-Minh offensive launched before Christmas on the Mekong River front had been halted; and that the campaign had entered "a phase of destruction of the adversary." No news was given of the situation at the strongpoint of Dien Bien Phu, but there was a report that the enemy intended to invest it with part of his available forces and use the rest in an attack on Luang Prabang.

POLITICAL, NAVAL, AND FESTIVAL: NEWS ITEMS FROM FIVE COUNTRIES.



ADMIRAL SIR MICHAEL DENNY (RIGHT), THE NEW C.-IN-C., HOME FLEET, SHAKING HANDS WITH HIS PREDECESSOR, ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE CREASY.

On January 5 Admiral Sir Michael Denny hoisted his flag in H.M.S. *Vanguard* at Portsmouth when he took over the appointment of Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, from Admiral Sir George Creasy. During the last year the Home Fleet has been much strengthened.



THE HEAD OF THE SOVIET CONTROL COMMISSION, BERLIN, ARRIVING AT BRITISH H.Q. FOR THE FIRST KOMMANDATURA MEETING SINCE SEPTEMBER, 1949.

On January 7 the three Western Commandants and Mr. Dengin, the representative of the Soviet High Commission in Berlin, met at the British H.Q. to discuss arrangements for the forthcoming Foreign Ministers' Conference in the city.



M. LANIEL, THE FRENCH PREMIER, ADDRESSING THE SPECIAL SESSION OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AT WHICH HE WON A VOTE OF CONFIDENCE.

Following the refusal of M. Auriol and the President-elect, M. Coty, to accept his resignation, M. Laniel, at an extraordinary session of the National Assembly, defended the achievements of his Government and won what amounted to a vote of confidence by 319 votes to 249.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER (ON THE LEFT) AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS STATE OF THE UNION MESSAGE TO CONGRESS.

On January 7 President Eisenhower went to Congress and delivered to the Joint Session in the House Chamber, Washington, his State of the Union Message. The main points were as follows: owing to strategic changes, the U.S. was free to develop its policy on lines of its own choice; while economic assistance abroad could be reduced, military and technical aid would be continued; detailed proposals for freer world trade would be put forward; and among other things he recommended that knowledge of the tactical use of nuclear weapons should be shared with America's allies.



THE JAPANESE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS ACKNOWLEDGING THE NEW YEAR GREETINGS OF THE VAST CROWD OUTSIDE THE IMPERIAL PALACE IN TOKYO. SIXTEEN PEOPLE WERE CRUSHED TO DEATH IN THE MÊLÉE.

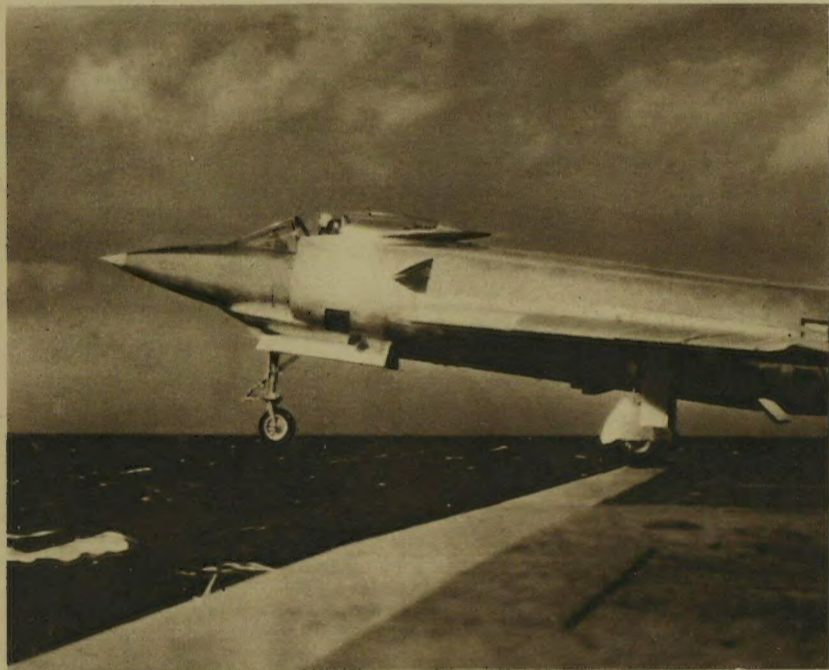


"GRANDFATHER FROST," THE RUSSIAN VERSION OF FATHER CHRISTMAS, AT THE KREMLIN CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

TWO BRITISH AIR DISASTERS, AND NEW TYPES OF AMERICAN AIRCRAFT.



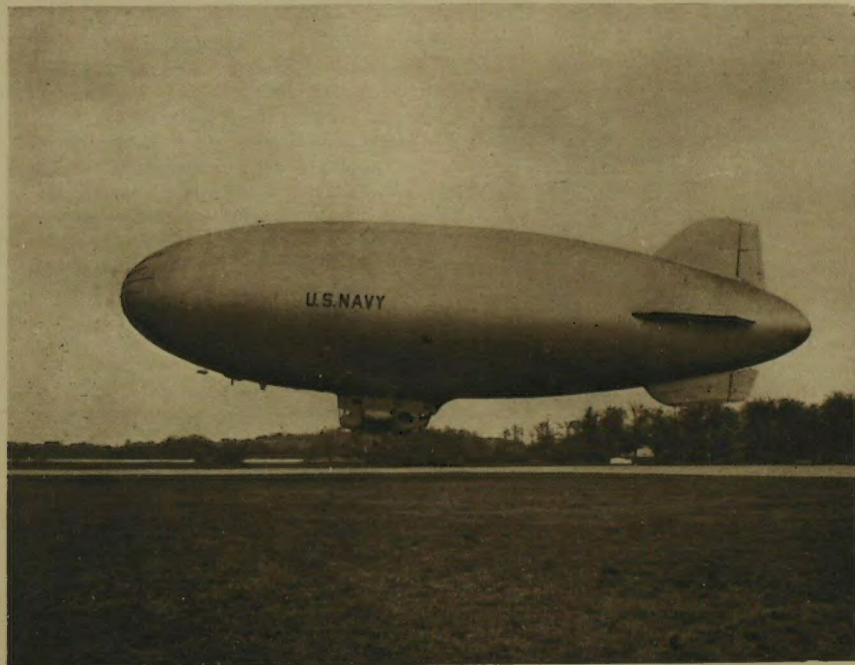
THE B.O.A.C. COMET AIRLINER G-ALYP, WHICH CRASHED WITH A COMPLIMENT OF THIRTY-FIVE ON JANUARY 10—PHOTOGRAPHED WHEN IT INAUGURATED THE WORLD'S FIRST JET AIRLINER SERVICE. On January 10 the B.O.A.C. *Comet* airliner G-ALYP, travelling from Singapore to London with twenty-nine passengers and a crew of six, crashed in the Mediterranean between the islands of Elba and Monte Cristo during the morning. Among the passengers were ten children; and Mr. Chester Wilmut, the author, broadcaster and war correspondent. According to reports, the aircraft dived into the sea after a series of explosions high in the air. Italian search aircraft and three Italian ships were soon on the scene and during the day fifteen bodies were recovered and brought to Elba.



(LEFT.) SEEMINGLY POISED ON THE BRINK: THE U.S. NEW CARRIER-BASED FIGHTER, THE MCDONNELL *Demon*, LEAVING THE FLIGHT DECK FROM A CATAPULT LAUNCHER. The F3H-1 McDonnell *Demon*, a swept-wing single-seat fighter, is now reported to be in production for the U.S. Navy. It is a carrier-based fighter and has a single jet. The prototype, which made its maiden flight in August, 1951, was powered with a Westinghouse J-40 turbojet.



(RIGHT.) THE U.S.A.F. PILOTLESS BOMBER, THE *Matador*, IN FLIGHT: (ABOVE) UNDER ROCKET ASSISTANCE; (BELOW) THE ROCKET FALLING AWAY. The *Matador*, a stubby guided missile capable of carrying an atomic bomb, is now going into service with the U.S.A.F. It is made by the Glenn L. Martin Company and has a turbojet engine, but is assisted in take-off by a rocket, which is later jettisoned, as shown in the photograph.



INCORPORATING THE U.S. NAVY'S LATEST DEVICES FOR LOCATING AND ATTACKING ENEMY SUBMARINES: THE FIRST OF THE GOODYEAR ZP4K CLASS OF AIRSHIPS. Our photograph shows the first of the Goodyear ZP4K class of airships for the U.S. Navy at Wing-foot Lake Field at Akron, Ohio. The airships, being built by the Goodyear Aircraft Corporation, are a "streamlined" version of the intermediate range "K" type airship used so effectively in anti-submarine warfare service by the U.S. Navy in World War II.



A CRASH IN WHICH SIXTEEN R.A.F. MEN LOST THEIR LIVES: THE REMAINS OF THE WRECKED VALETTA AIRCRAFT AT TOM'S HILL, ALDBURY. On January 6 a *Valetta* transport aircraft carrying an R.A.F. Rugby football team returning from Bovingdon to Thorney Island, Hampshire, crashed in a snowstorm at Tom's Hill, Aldbury, Hertfordshire. Sixteen of the seventeen occupants of the aircraft were killed; the only survivor was taken to hospital, where he was reported to be seriously ill.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

WALL GARDENING.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

IN writing last week about the Gentle Art of Stealing Gardens, I mentioned old, mellow, mossy walls, other people's walls, adjoining public highways and byways, as among

the very best subjects for this perfectly honest and legitimate form of theft. All you need do is to mark down such a wall, and then, preferably in the night watches, when no one is about, sow suitable seeds on it—wallflowers, antirrhinums and stocks, and mixed Alpine plant seeds such as erinus, silver saxifrages, pinks, campanulas, etc. The best way is to mix the seeds with a little dry soil, and then broadcast the lot to take its chance. Thus you will soon have your stolen garden to watch and observe every time you pass that way. No weeding or watering necessary, and no rent or rates to pay. The late owner from whom you have stolen the wall will attend to that. He may or may not notice the improvements you have wrought, and at most he may be mildly mystified and astonished at the sudden appearance of an alien flora, but he will remain blissfully ignorant of the change of ownership.

What is perhaps the most ambitious and extensive stolen garden in all England is over seventy miles long. Quite a theft. I have never visited Hadrian's Wall in Northumberland, but I understand that *Erinus alpinus* grows freely on, at any rate, certain parts of it, and as this gay little Alpine plant is not an indigenous British species, it was, in all probability, sown there by some thieving amateur gardener. On these lines I feel tempted, next time I go there, to steal Edinburgh Castle. What could be simpler? A quantity of the right seeds scattered down the cliffs from the ramparts would do the trick. But it must be some nobler and more worthy plant than erinus; something which could be plainly seen from Princes Street. I think perhaps the great, yard-long snowy plumes of Saxifraga "Tumbling Waters" would meet the case. It seeds profusely, and comes fairly true from seed, and once a few specimens were established they should soon colonise, with their off-spring taking possession of every crack and cranny on the great rock.

Other people's walls—and castles—are not the only raw material asking to be stolen and developed. Bombed sites are excellent, and so too are the raw, sloping sides of road and railway cuttings, whilst in rock country there are disused stone quarries and natural rock outcrops. Old gravel pits and chalk quarries are also excellent.

Wall gardens, in one's own home garden—as opposed to one's gardens by right of theft—make a delightful setting for innumerable enchanting rock and Alpine plants for which the only alternative would be a rock garden. And many folk, for one reason or another, have no rock garden. Lots don't want one. Too often, however, garden walls constructed to support low banks and terraces are built in such a way that the only way of clothing them with plant life would be to put climbers at the bottom to clamber up, and trailers at the top to cascade down. Such walls have been built without a scrap of soil between the stones, and at the same time they are perpendicular. The proper way to make a wall which is to be a wall garden, and so a thing of beauty, is to build it with what is called a slight batter; that is, it should be slightly out of the perpendicular, sloping back a few inches from bottom to top. At the same time, the stones of which it is built should be laid sloping or tilting slightly downward from front to back. Above all, they should be built with a filling of good soil

taking the place of the mortar which goes into an ordinary wall. This soil filling must extend right back, without any air pockets, to meet the main body of the soil of the bank or terrace behind. The slight batter or backward slope of the wall and the inward, downward tilt of the stones enables rain to work back into the soil between the stones, and prevents the soil spilling out forwards. At the same time the backward tilt gives the wall greater strength to support the ground behind. Another type of wall is one which is built as a partition or boundary, a wall which stands out on its own instead of supporting a bank or terrace. What are known as drywalls, that is stone walls built without a scrap of cement or mortar, if built with a solid central core of soil and with soil filling all the spaces between the stones, make ideal homes and settings for innumerable cliff and rock-haunting plants, both Alpine and otherwise. In either

and in all tones of pink, crimson, carmine and almost scarlet, crane's-bills, "Snow in Summer," and so on. To add variety to the scene it is a good plan to plant here and there among the low-growing trailers a few erect-growing plants, such as verbascums, foxgloves and even a lily or two. Although planted in the face of an almost perpendicular wall, these tall, erect growers at once adapt themselves to circumstances and grow upright as nature intended them to.

I think the best and pleasanter effects result from a careful mixing of a few of the stronger, showier types such as aubrietias, alyssums, rock roses, etc., with a careful selection of smaller, choicer rock plants. But when this is done great care must be taken to plant so that the little fellows are not swamped by the more hearty rampers. The smaller, choicer species

are best perhaps grouped together, mostly near the top of the wall, where they are near at hand for special attention, and at the same time near the eye for close, intimate enjoyment. Among the very best of all rock plants for the wall garden are the silver saxifrages, with their close, neat hummocks of silvery, blue-grey foliage, and their arching, ostrich-feather plumes of innumerable small, white, pale-pink or sulphur blossoms.

Living as I do in a stone country where hedges are largely replaced by stone walls, I have written about building wall gardens with stone. But where stone is not so easily obtained, delightful wall gardens may be built with brick, with holes of half-brick size left for planting at irregular intervals.

I wrote last week of an arrangement in a bronze bowl of heavily-berried Butcher's Broom and Christmas roses.

I have since added some slender stems of winter jasmine, laden with golden blossoms. A most satisfactory all-open-air collection. The yellow winter jasmine on the north wall of my house has been particularly good this winter, thanks to the severe pruning I gave it last spring. I cut back all the young growths springing from the main permanent stems to two or three buds. Fortunately, God appears to temper the wind to a shorn jasmine as to a shorn lamb, and directly after this hard pruning the plant, despite abominably cold winds, sprouted vigorously, and then spent the remainder of the year producing a grand crop of the slender, green shoots bestrung from end to end with buds, ready to open directly the winter weather became sufficiently beastly.

Last spring, Frank Barker sent me from the Six Hills Nursery a packet of freesia seed, of the "Rainbow" strain. The instructions were to sow thinly in a pot about April, under glass, stand the pots in the open all summer, and bring them under cover about September for winter flowering. I am afraid I did not do all I was told. In fact, I gave the poor things rather a raw deal. I sowed my freesia seed in a 6-in. pot, much too thickly, in mid-April in my unheated greenhouse, and there they remained all summer. In September and October they produced a few flowers, pink, cream and gold, which were gratefully gathered for the house. In late November, I brought the pot into the house, where it has sat near the glass on a window-sill facing east. Now, in early January, there are two heads of flower open, a good pink and a gold, and there are a good number of other flower-heads in various stages of development. They have done far better than I deserve, and this spring I must sow more "Rainbow" freesias and "do" them better. They are worth it.



"THE PROPER WAY TO MAKE A WALL WHICH IS TO BE A WALL GARDEN, AND SO A THING OF BEAUTY, IS TO BUILD IT WITH WHAT IS CALLED A SLIGHT BATTER . . .": AN EXAMPLE FROM WINDSOR GREAT PARK, FULLY MATURED ON THE RIGHT, BUT WITH (LEFT) AN UNMATURED PART WHICH SHOWS THE METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

type of wall garden the planting can be varied according to taste and ideals. One can smother the whole thing from end to end with a mass of brilliant spring and summer colour, or one can make the wall the home of a great collection of choice Alpine and rock plants, large and small, easy, difficult, and impossible. For the smother-of-colour effect first choices will be made among the rock roses (*Helianthemums*), with their fine, rounded bosses of grey, green or silvery foliage, spangled in summer with small, single satin pink roses, crimson, sulphur, gold, copper, orange, white or apricot. Other first-flighters will be aubrietias, yellow alyssum—sulphur, gold or old gold—white perennial candytuft, *Polygonum affine*, and *P. vacciniifolium*, veronicas, pinks, single and double,



"WHERE STONE IS NOT SO EASILY OBTAINED, DELIGHTFUL WALL GARDENS MAY BE BUILT WITH BRICK, WITH HOLES OF HALF-BRICK SIZE LEFT FOR PLANTING AT IRREGULAR INTERVALS": A BRICK-BUILT WALL PLANTED WITH AUBRIETIA, ALYSSUM AND ARABIS.

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

NEW ZEALAND'S NEW ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL: AND VARIED HOME EVENTS.



WHAT WELLINGTON'S NEW CATHEDRAL WILL LOOK LIKE: AN ARCHITECT'S DRAWING FOR THE

EDIFICE WHOSE FOUNDATION-STONE THE QUEEN ARRANGED TO LAY ON JANUARY 13. The Queen arranged on January 13 to lay the foundation-stone of the new Anglican Cathedral at Wellington, New Zealand, which is being built on rising ground near Parliament House. The design was begun by the late Mr. Cecil W. Wood, and has been continued by the present architect, Mr. Robert C. Munro, of Christchurch, New Zealand. The sum of £250,000 is already in hand, but another £250,000 will be needed to complete the building. On January 13 it was arranged that gifts might be laid on the foundation-stone.



WHERE HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WORSHIPPED ON JANUARY 10: THE PRO-CATHEDRAL OF ST. PAUL'S, WELLINGTON, A WOODEN BUILDING WITH STEEP GABLES. The present Anglican Cathedral of Wellington was built in 1865-66 and has served as both parish church and cathedral. It contains a prayer desk carved out of 300-year-old wood from Bath and Wells Cathedral. The brass candlesticks were modelled on the pillars of entrance to Lichfield Cathedral and the church wardens' staves were made from thirteenth-century oak from Stratford-on-Avon Parish Church. The banners in the aisle include the colours of the Wellington Regiment which fought in the nineteenth-century Maori wars.



PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL TRUST BY MR. W. BONEY IN MEMORY OF KING GEORGE VI., AND TO MARK THE CORONATION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II.: PENHALICK POINT, TINTAGEL.

The National Trust recently announced the gift from Mr. W. Boney of Penhallick Point, Tintagel, in memory of King George VI., and to mark the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. It is a bold headland of some 15 acres lying to the south of the cliff property at Tintagel, which the Trust has owned for many years; and it commands magnificent views seawards and to the south along the whole length of Trebarwith Strand. There is public access to the headland by the coastal footpath from Tintagel or Trebarwith.



PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL TRUST BY VISCOUNT CLIFDEN: LANHYDROCK HOUSE; A VIEW FROM THE PARK, WITH THE 17TH-CENTURY GATEHOUSE (LEFT) AND THE CHURCH (RIGHT). Viscount Clifden of Lanhydrock House, near Bodmin, has presented the mansion with 366 acres of park and woodlands to the National Trust. The house, begun in 1635 by his ancestor the first Lord Robartes of Truro, was completed in 1642; and rebuilt after a fire in 1881. The north wing containing the fine 116-ft.-long gallery escaped damage. The Gatehouse (1651) stands between the house and the original avenue. The Gallery will be shown to the public on Wednesdays and Saturdays between April 1 and September 30.



THE INAUGURATION OF A FERRY SERVICE BETWEEN GOUROCK AND DUNOON: THE BRITISH RAILWAYS' NEW FERRY, M.V. ARRAN, MAKING THE FIRST TRIP.

On January 4 the British Railways' new passenger and car ferry, the motor vessel *Arran*, made her first trip from Gourock to Dunoon, thus inaugurating a new ferry service, and thereby shortening the road journey between Glasgow and Dunoon, via Arrochar and Rest-and-be-Thankful, by some 75 miles.



REFLOATED AFTER BEING LAID UP FOR THREE YEARS: THE THAMES PADDLE-STEAMER ROYAL EAGLE, WHICH IS TO BE BROKEN UP.

Built by Cammell Laird in 1932, *Royal Eagle* is the last of the General Steam Navigation Company's paddle steamers, and she is now due to be broken up. During World War II, she brought back several thousand troops from Dunkirk and was used as an anti-aircraft ship in the Thames Estuary.



SIR FRANK WHITTLE TELLS HIS STORY.

"JET: THE STORY OF A PIONEER"; By SIR FRANK WHITTLE, K.B.E., C.B., F.R.S.

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE sub-title, "The Story of a Pioneer," suggests an autobiography. But Sir Frank Whittle says: "This book is not an autobiography. It is primarily the history of my association with the development of the turbo-jet engine in Great Britain." Nor is it,



IN 1925: FRANK WHITTLE AS AN APPRENTICE WITH NO. 4 APPRENTICES' WING, R.A.F. CRANWELL.

he says, a technical book, "and I hope that it will be reasonably comprehensible to the lay reader." He fears that it may "fall between two stools—too non-technical for the engineer and scientist and a little too technical for the lay reader." That was an inherent risk; but I don't think Sir Frank has failed. I am a layman, and I must confess that some of the author's terms and explanations are double-Dutch to me. But I don't see how he could have tempered the wind more thoroughly while still telling the tale he set out to tell. Perhaps had he not cut his book down so drastically the layman might well have quailed. He began, he says, with 250,000 words; then he cut to 180,000, and ultimately to 110,000.

He does open with a brief autobiographical background: humble beginnings (but an able and inventive father), council schools, a scholarship, three years at Cranwell as an aircraft apprentice, then a cadetship—later he was allowed time to take the Mechanical Sciences Tripos at Cambridge, and got a First. From the start his propensities were evident. At four he was photographed holding a toy aeroplane; at school he first became interested in turbines, and "elementary textbooks on the theory of flight and practical flying were the chief subjects of my private study." During his fourth term as a cadet he chose as his subject, "Future Developments in Aircraft Design." "In the course of its preparation I came to the conclusion that if very high speeds were to be combined with long range, it would be necessary to fly at very great heights where the low air density would greatly reduce resistance in proportion to speed. I was thinking in terms of speeds of 500 miles per hour at heights where the air density was less than one quarter of its sea level value. The top speed of R.A.F. fighters in those days was about 150 m.p.h. It seemed to me unlikely that the conventional piston engine and propeller combination would meet the power plant needs of the kind of high-speed, high-altitude aircraft I had in mind, and so, in my discussion of power plant, I cast my net very wide and discussed the possibilities of rocket propulsion and of gas turbines driving propellers, but it did not then occur to me to use the gas turbine for jet propulsion."

That was to come a little later: he was twenty-two when he first proposed it. The Air Ministry replied that the required materials for withstanding the combination of high stresses and high temperatures did not then exist. Nevertheless, he took out a patent. He was informed that the Ministry had no official interest in the patent. "There was thus no suggestion that it should be put on the 'secret list.' This meant that after the complete specification was filed and accepted, a little over eighteen months later, the invention was published throughout the world." A few years later, when he was at Cambridge, the patent was due for renewal. That meant £5. "I could ill-afford £5 in view of the then recent medical expenses arising out of an illness of my elder son and the birth of my younger one. I therefore decided against renewal and allowed the patent to lapse." Then there came a great change.

Colleagues appeared who had faith in him; patentable improvements were filed; they decided to raise money to build an experimental aeroplane; and in March 1936 a Company was incorporated with an authorised capital of £10,000 and called Power Jets Limited. From this date onward we are following the fortunes of this Company and its products. Every sort of difficulty had to be faced, apart from the usual mechanical troubles in the course of progress by trial and error. There was friction with the Ministry, and friction with large concerns which were brought into the project. Some of the stories told about these are indeed hard to credit: but though Jack the Giant Killer is a pleasant fairy-tale in real life, the Giants usually do the killing. There was a great moment in 1941 when the E.28 made a demonstration flight in front of an illustrious company: "One officer at least was greatly disturbed by what he had seen. He sat in the Officers' Mess with a puzzled frown. When asked what was troubling him,

The situation comes to a head in 1942 with an immense letter from Sir Frank to an Air Marshal. "I feel it my duty to remark that the technical history of the venture over the last two years has involved a rising tide of unfortunate or wrong decisions, a series of failures of control, and an atmosphere which is the very reverse of co-operative. It is a matter of record that although I am chronologically the senior technician in the venture, and I believe that my technical achievements and status carry substantial weight, I have never been either consulted or even forewarned of any change of policy or of administration. Practically every important step which has been taken by the Ministry has been a *fait accompli* before I have had an opportunity to comment on it." One can imagine the "comments on it" that may have been made by the dignitaries: "There's a war on; we can't keep on bothering about this pertinacious little man and his tin-pot Company, better to hand the whole job over to the big fellows who know about production in a big way!"

In the end Sir Frank strongly urged Sir Stafford Cripps to nationalise the whole of the gas turbine industry, on which he said "the only private money expended (as far as I know) is about £23,000 subscribed by the shareholders of Power Jets, and which served to start the ball rolling." To his astonishment the upshot was that Power Jets was nationalised, but not the rest of the industry. He consoled himself later by flying a jet himself, for the first time, and by resigning from the Company.

In an Epilogue we come to more cheerful consolations from outside: his knighthood and the *ex gratia* award of £100,000 free of tax by the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors. He was not himself a claimant before the Commission: the initiative was taken by the Ministry of Supply. A letter which carried influence stated: "It is one thing to have an idea. It is another to have the technical and executive ability to give it flesh. It is still another to have

the tenacity of purpose to drive through to success unshaken in confidence, in the face of discouraging opposition. Whittle, whose name in the annals of engineering comes after those of Watt, Stephenson and Parsons only for reasons of chronology or alphabetical order, had these things. It is, I think, generally admitted that without Whittle's determination to turn his idea into reality we should not have begun to think about the jet-propelled aeroplane (whatever thoughts we might have slowly developed about the propeller gas turbine aeroplane) until the idea had been forced upon us by the exploits of the enemy with their jet-propelled machines. In the closing stages of the war, however, we had in fact developed, on the basis of Whittle's efforts, a new fighting weapon in the form of the Meteor aircraft; now we are well on the way towards a jet-propelled air force, and the gas turbine engined civil air fleet is being developed."

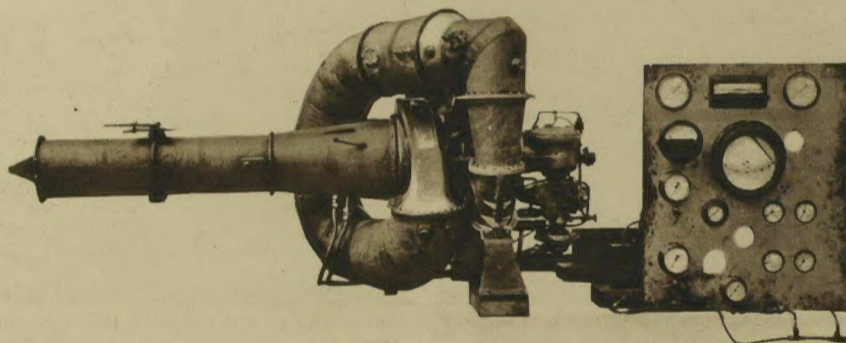
Nothing could be handsomer than that, and probably nobody will dispute it. But I wonder if we shall have rejoinders from any of the individuals and organisations whom Sir Frank berates.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 98 of this issue.



SIR FRANK WHITTLE, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Sir Frank Whittle, who was born in 1907, was educated at Leamington College and, later on, at Cambridge University. When only twenty-two years old he applied for his patent for a turbo-jet engine. In March 1936 he helped to form the small Company called Power Jets Ltd., and on May 15, 1941, the Gloster jet-propelled aeroplane with the Whittle engine made its first flight. He was knighted in 1948 and received, on the recommendation of the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors, an *ex gratia* award of £100,000 free of tax.



1937: THE FIRST EXPERIMENTAL TURBO-JET ENGINE AS ORIGINALLY CONSTRUCTED.



THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL JET AIRCRAFT: THE GLOSTER-WHITTLE E28/39 POWERED BY THE W.1 ENGINE. Illustrations from the book "Jet: The Story of a Pioneer"; by courtesy of the publisher, Frederick Muller.

he replied that he had seen a strange aeroplane 'going like a bat out of hell' and there was something odd about it, but he could not think what it was. After a pause, he said, 'My God, chaps, I must be going round the bend—it hadn't got a propeller!' But the moments of triumph were few and far between. The story is largely one of frustration.



(1) VERMILION AND BROWN. 1d. THE DELICIOUS CRAWFISH UPON WHICH TRISTAN'S PROSPERITY DEPENDS. (2) GREY AND ORANGE. 2d. A COLD-STORAGE FACTORY WHERE CRAWFISH ARE KEPT BEFORE EXPORT. (3) BLACK AND MAGENTA. 1½d. A ROCKHOPPER PENGUIN. (4) GREEN AND GREY. 5d. THE POTATO PATCHES. (5) BLUE AND OLIVE GREEN. 3d. AN ISLAND BOAT WITH A CANVAS HULL. (6) RED BROWN AND GREEN. 1d. CARTING FLAX FOR THATCHING. (7) LILAC AND LIGHT RED. 9d. THE UNINHABITED NIGHTINGALE ISLAND, NAMED AFTER A BRITISH SEA CAPTAIN. (8) OLIVE GREEN AND VIOLET. 6d. INACCESSIBLE

ISLAND, A STORMSWEEP AND UNINHABITED ROCK. (9) TURQUOISE AND BLUE. 4d. TRISTAN FROM THE SOUTH-WEST. (10) GREEN AND BROWN. 1s. THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY. (11) ORANGE AND PURPLE. 10s. AN ISLAND SPINNING-WHEEL. (12) BLACK AND ORANGE-RED. 5s. THE MINUTE, FLIGHTLESS RAIL. (13) BLACK AND RED. 2½d. MOLLYMAUKS OR YELLOW-NOSED ALBATROSSES. (14) BROWN AND TURQUOISE. 2s. 6d. AN ELEPHANT SEAL AT GOUGH ISLAND. (N.B.—Vignette colours are given first.)

ISSUED FOR THE FIRST TIME : TRISTAN DA CUNHA'S OWN STAMPS, DEPICTING HER SCENERY, FAUNA AND INDUSTRIES.

Tristan da Cunha, a Dependency of the Crown Colony of St. Helena, but in the absence of direct communication with the parent island, for most purposes quite separately administered, issued on January 2 her first permanent postage stamps replacing the overprinted stamps of St. Helena which were introduced on January 1, 1952. The designs of this first definitive stamp issue are intended to give a comprehensive idea of the scenery and natural history of the island and the occupations, old and new, of its people. Tristan da Cunha is the principal of a group of islets in the South Atlantic Ocean named after the Portuguese

navigator, Tristao da Cunha, commander of the expedition that discovered them in 1506. There are some 245 inhabitants in the group of mixed British, Dutch, St. Helenan, American and Italian descent, and their main occupation is the exploitation of the rich crawfish beds surrounding all the islands. These crawfish, which have been scientifically distinguished from those found elsewhere and are considered to be of especially fine quality, are exported, frozen and canned, mostly to the U.S.A. The stamps have been printed by Messrs. De La Rue, Ltd., London.

Stamps reproduced facsimile size by courtesy of Frank Godden Ltd.



AT THE SUMMIT OF TRISTAN DA CUNHA'S EXTINCT VOLCANO: ONE OF THE CRATER LAKES. THIS VOLCANO BECAME EXTINCT IN COMPARATIVELY RECENT TIMES.



USED FOR INTER-ISLAND TRAVELLING AND FOR LANDING STORES: ONE OF THE CANVAS HULL BOATS UNDER CONSTRUCTION. THE RIBS ARE MADE FROM APPLE-TREE WOOD GROWN ON THE ISLAND.



LANDING STORES: ONE OF THE 26-FT. CANVAS HULL BOATS SO DESIGNED BECAUSE OF THE LACK OF SHELTERED ANCHORAGES AND THE NECESSITY FOR CRAFT LIGHT ENOUGH TO BE HAULED HIGH UP ON THE BEACH.



LOOKING TOWARDS TWO ISLETS FROM NIGHTINGALE ISLAND. THE WHOLE ISLAND IS COVERED WITH DENSE TUSsock AND HAS ONLY ONE SMALL SPRING OF FRESH WATER.



REMINISCENT OF THE HERBRIDES: THE APTLY NAMED INACCESSIBLE ISLAND, WHOSE BEACHES ARE BACKED BY 2000-FT. CLIFFS, UP WHICH THERE ARE ONLY A FEW ROUTES.



SUPPLIES BEING LANDED FROM A LINER ANCHORED OFF THIS VERY IMPORTANT NEW ZEALAND FLAX GROWN ON THE ISLAND.



SHORE: MEN AND WOMEN (AND DOGS) ALL TURN TO ON OCCASION.



NAMED AFTER A BRITISH SEA CAPTAIN: NIGHTINGALE ISLAND, UNINHABITED BY HUMAN BEINGS, BUT PROBABLY HAVING ONE OF THE HIGHEST CONCENTRATIONS OF BREEDING SEA-BIRDS IN THE WORLD.



THE HABITABLE AREA OF TRISTAN DA CUNHA: THE SETTLEMENT OF EDINBURGH, A SMALL PLATEAU ON THE NORTH-WEST SIDE OF ABOUT TWELVE SQUARE MILES.



BUILT OF STONES WHICH HAVE BEEN CEMENTED TOGETHER: A COTTAGE THATCHED WITH NEW ZEALAND FLAX GROWN ON THE ISLAND.



AN ISLAND SPINNING-WHEEL. THE WOMEN SPEND MANY HOURS CARDING AND SPINNING, AND KENT DURING EVERY SPARE MOMENT WHETHER WALKING OR SITTING.



A VIEW OF TRISTAN FROM THE SOUTH-WEST. THE PEAK OF THE VOLCANO IS 6760 FT. HIGH, WITH A CIRCUMFERENCE AT ITS BASE OF TWENTY-ONE MILES.

SCENES SUCH AS ARE DEPICTED ON HER NEW ISSUE OF POSTAGE STAMPS: TRISTAN

Tristan da Cunha, one of a small group of islets in the Atlantic, half-way between the Cape and South America, must be one of the loneliest spots in the world. It has about 245 inhabitants, who all live on a small plateau on the north-west side, the Settlement of Edinburgh, about 100 ft. above sea-level. The original inhabitants were shipwrecked sailors and soldiers from the garrison at St. Helena. On the other islets, Gough Island, Inaccessible Island and Nightingale Island, live only sea-birds.

Tristan consists of an extinct volcano rising to a height of 6760 ft., with a circumference at its base of 21 miles. Only about thirty acres are under cultivation, three-quarters of it for potatoes. As can be seen from Tristan's first permanent postage stamps, which we reproduce on another page in this issue, her prosperity depends upon the crawfish, or rock lobster, which breeds in vast numbers in the cold waters surrounding the islands. Great quantities of rockhopper penguins, so-called from their method of

DA CUNHA, IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC, ONE OF THE LONELIEST PLACES IN THE WORLD.

progress by hopping from boulder to boulder, are found on all the islands. Nightingale Island has probably one of the highest concentrations of breeding sea-birds in the world, with nests on almost every square yard of its 550 acres. Inaccessible Island, some six square miles, deserves its name for, although its beaches afford easy landing, they are backed by 2000-ft. cliffs, up which there are only a very few routes. Supplies to the island have to be landed from ships anchored offshore. Since there are no

sheltered anchorages, the natives have designed a boat with a canvas hull light enough to be hauled far up the beach. Much of the year woolen pullovers are worn, and the women, therefore, spend most of their time at the big, home-made spinning-wheels of a type almost extinct elsewhere. At the end of April 1942, Tristan da Cunha was commissioned as H.M.S. *Atlantic Isle*, and became an important meteorological and radio station.

WHAT constitutes success in life is determined on the one hand by the verdict of the world and on the other by the individual's own sentiments. The two estimates may not coincide. Moreover, the individual's own views on the subject frequently change. The hopes which he nourished when young may not accord with his ideals in later life. If those hopes have been in greater or less measure disappointed, it does not follow that he should then repine. He may feel satisfied with an incursion into great affairs which did not last; he may consider that, though the disappointments were real, he has come to a better haven; he may sigh over lost opportunities; he may philosophically make the best of things. The world is more inclined to regard all disappointments as failures, though that small section of it which knew the individual and had seen him close at hand may realise that such an assessment is shallow and insufficient to meet the case.

When Alfred Duff Cooper, Viscount Norwich, died suddenly, he had but just published an account of his life, which was, incidentally, his best literary work. "Old Men Forget" gave his own answers to the questions which the curious might have put to him on this subject of personal success. At the same time it afforded the world a chance to review a remarkable career and to decide from its standpoint how far this had been a success or a failure. By the world's standards it must be held to fall far short of success in the light of early promise. Yet little sign of disappointment or regret is to be seen in the pages of the autobiography. The writer expressed himself as happy, and those with good opportunities of ascertaining the truth testify that he was and that there was no question of a pose. The book was frank and intimate. It gave the world the chance to revise its estimates, though this does not necessarily mean that it will accept those of Lord Norwich. "Life has been good to me and I am grateful." He was not old in years when he wrote that summary, but it bore the appearance of a farewell and sounded as if he knew that all was nearly over.

Few can recall such a flying start. Duff Cooper's prospects in the Foreign Office were bright and were certainly not hindered by a brief interruption when, late in the First World War, he contrived to break out, was commissioned in the Grenadier Guards, and was awarded the D.S.O. for an action of extreme daring, which is still remembered. Immediately after the war he married Lady Diana Manners, a brilliant figure of those days, and so began a partnership of sustained happiness. Quitting the Foreign Office, he entered politics, first got office at the age of thirty-eight, speedily became one of the youngest Cabinet Ministers, distinguished himself as an orator, and appeared likely to go higher still. Yet the rise of Hitler, which affected many people like a blight long before it led to war, and caused warm political allies and even personal friends to fall out, made him restless and disquieted. He did not make up his mind to leave the Government as early as Mr. Eden and Lord Salisbury and did not altogether share their views about British relations with Mussolini, but when he did go, over the Munich affair, he left with a blaze and a speech among the best the House of Commons has heard in recent times.

Had any contemporary predicted that this was to be virtually the end of his strictly political career the prophecy would have sounded crazy. Some thought that his abilities inside an office had not altogether matched his obvious talents, but there seemed no reason why this should not be repaired. It was not destined to be. The Ministry of Information in its early days was a joke, which even now causes wry laughter among those who recall it. I do not know what measures he planned or set in train for its reform, but from my own point of view I saw little improvement by the time of his departure in 1941. His mission to the Far East, where he was appointed Resident Minister with Cabinet rank, can hardly be judged, because the Japanese sword proved too great a weight in the scales for politicians as well as for soldiers. His work with the French Committee of National Liberation was more fruitful. In September 1944 he was appointed British Ambassador to France, after a gap of four years in British ambassadorial representation in Paris.

Duff Cooper had two good qualifications: he liked the post and he liked the French people. Lady Diana

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE PASSING OF DUFF COOPER.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

was a gracious and charming hostess at the Embassy. Her husband understood French problems and the French mentality. He was sometimes criticised on the ground that he was too fond of worldly French society and did not see enough of the grave and serious. It may be so, but the best proof of the pudding is in the eating. He was popular then; he was gratefully remembered when he left; and his death has called forth expressions of gratitude and affection. It is possible that his qualifications were rather for such a post as Ambassador to France in more spacious days of quiet political interchanges than in the present times of teleprinters, Press conferences and "useful political contacts." By temperament he belonged to the older tradition. Sincerity, intelligence and wide knowledge were there, but did not make him a People's Ambassador. He was at



ON HIS WAY TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS FROM THE ADMIRALTY AFTER HE HAD RESIGNED AS FIRST LORD ON OCTOBER 1, 1938: MR. DUFF COOPER (LATER LORD NORWICH), WITH HIS WIFE.



AFTER MAKING THE DRAMATIC ANNOUNCEMENT OF HITLER'S INVITATION TO MEET HIM AT MUNICH: MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN AT THE DESPATCH BOX IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, SEPTEMBER 28, 1938.

"I have now been informed by Herr Hitler that he invites me to meet him at Munich to-morrow morning. . . I need not say what my answer will be." Thus spoke Mr. Neville Chamberlain in the House of Commons on September 28, 1938, during a debate on the European crisis, which had already led to preparation for war. Mr. Chamberlain returned from Munich on the evening of September 30, after having signed a four-Power agreement to transfer the Sudeten territory of Czechoslovakia to Germany. He was enthusiastically welcomed by the British public and, speaking from an upper window of No. 10, Downing Street, said: "This is the second time in our history that there has come back from Germany to Downing Street peace with honour. I believe it is peace in our time. . . ." It was this agreement that induced Mr. Duff Cooper, who was at the time First Lord of the Admiralty, to resign from the Cabinet on October 1, and in a letter to the Prime Minister, he stated: "I profoundly distrust the foreign policy which the Government is pursuing." In his resignation speech in the House on October 3, he concluded by saying: "I have ruined, perhaps, my political career. But that is a little matter; I have retained something which is to me of greater value—I can still walk about the world with my head erect." He had hardly finished speaking when Mr. (now Sir) Winston Churchill sent him a note which said: "Your speech was one of the finest Parliamentary performances I have ever heard. It was admirable in form, massive in argument and shone with courage and public spirit."

A drawing by Bryan de Grineau, reproduced from "The Illustrated London News," October 8, 1938.

home with those who spoke the same political and social language as he did himself. Yet I believe he will be remembered as a good Ambassador.

These last comments arouse a broader reflection. It is demanded of public men to-day that they should be what are called "good mixers." I confess I have met some who were so described who did not mix with me better than oil and water—probably my fault. To be great in the public field it has become almost a necessary qualification to be exempt from boredom, or at all events to have the gift of concealing it. Lord Norwich was rather easily bored and not always successful in disguising the fact. At a dull social party he appeared to be able to assume a cloak of invisibility, in which he passed through the crowd, down the steps, and into his car. A minute ago he

was in a corner, hemmed in by bores of the most voracious species, licking their lips at the prospect of devouring their prey, their chins wet with saliva. No door or even window promised escape to the victim. He was fairly caught. One lost sight of him for a moment. Then, on looking again, he was gone. It was unbelievable, naked magic. The would-be cannibals looked disconsolate. The prey, hardly even troubling to smile with relief at his escape, was driving in the direction of better entertainment.

He is believed to have regretted leaving the British Embassy and to have become reconciled almost at once to having left it. Henceforth his home was to be in France. He was surrounded by books and seems to have genuinely enjoyed writing himself. He published books at intervals all through his life. His work was uneven, but at its best excellent. It was, I think, a pity that he did not follow up his early study of Talleyrand by more work of similar character. That biography suggested that his strength lay in this direction, though he was perhaps unduly kind to a creature without a rag of principle. His autobiography was one of the books of last year and ought to have a long life. He was *homme de lettres* in a fuller sense.

Not long ago I heard him lecture to the Royal Society of Literature on "Keats and the Reviewers." He treated the subject convincingly, eloquently and wittily. His love of letters was deep and sincere. Had he chosen to pursue that line further, it might equally have proved to be his *forte*. He did not pursue either line. He was too skilful to be described as an amateur, in the most usual meaning of the word, but he was one in the sense that he produced relatively little, that that little was of diverse kinds, and that he might hit or miss—in the former event writing better than most professionals, in the latter falling below their level.

Diplomacy, war, politics, statecraft, literature, social talk and intercourse—all these combined to make a full career, but they did not amount to the whole. Life itself was a part of his career. He praised wine and cheerfully declared that he had drunk more of it than was good for him. He liked to be amused, and people were glad to amuse him because he gave good value in return. The censorious found some of his amusements flimsy, but this is a personal matter, and theirs may have given less pleasure and to fewer people. Everyone uses his leisure as it suits him, and most people waste some if not all of it according to some standards. He lived in a tradition which belongs particularly to

two countries, his own and that with which he was most closely associated, England and France. He would have been as much at home, perhaps more so, in eighteenth-century England and France as in those countries to-day.

These are the impressions of one who did not meet him half-a-dozen times, but followed his career with a certain interest. They do not answer the question whether or not that career was successful. But can anyone answer such a question with confidence? Were I to do so from my personal point of view, I should be inclined to say that in many respects he had failed, but I should not say so confidently. One manifest failure, of a sort that befalls many men, was that he chose a profession with zest, and thought that he was made for it, and then, after a brilliant beginning, fell out of love with it. He did not find himself as well suited to political life as he had expected. For a time he remained within the circle, but after his resignation on the issue of Munich he did not return to the centre. According to his own account, he was not altogether sorry. In this he may have been

deceiving himself, but he writes so candidly that we can be sure he was not trying to deceive us.

He showed high physical courage on the battlefield and moral in the House of Commons. He may have lacked or not appreciated that form which inspires persistence. If so, that is a great disadvantage to the politician and the administrator. He has left behind him achievements, but less than he might have been expected to amass. He does, however, leave behind the record of a notable personality, marked by a broad culture, talented, and many-sided. Though he did things which brought him into the gossip columns of the evening Press, he was free from swagger or showing off. We may be sure that he was sincere in writing in his autobiography that life had been good to him and that he was grateful.

LORD NORWICH'S MEMORIAL SERVICE: GREAT MEN AS MOURNERS.



(ABOVE.) LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S AFTER THE SERVICE: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, THE PRIME MINISTER, AND LADY CHURCHILL.



THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: MR. ANTHONY EDEN WITH MRS. EDEN.



(ABOVE.) SON OF THE FIRST VISCOUNT NORWICH, AND NOW HOLDER OF THE TITLE: THE SECOND VISCOUNT NORWICH, AND HIS WIFE.

LEADING figures in the world of politics, diplomacy and literature, bearers of famous names and holders of great offices, with their ladies, assembled at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on January 7 at the Memorial Service for the first Viscount Norwich, formerly Sir Duff Cooper, to pay their last tribute to a well-loved personality and a man distinguished in many walks of life. The Queen, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and the Duchess of Kent were represented; the Prime

[Continued opposite.



THE LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS: VISCOUNT SAMUEL.



THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR HOME AFFAIRS AND MINISTER FOR WELSH AFFAIRS: SIR DAVID MAXWELL FYFE.



M. MASSIGLI, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, WHO MOURNED A FORMER BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE.

[Continued.]

Minister and Lady Churchill, Mr. Anthony Eden and Mrs. Eden and other members of the Government were present, as well as diplomats and well-known social personalities, and a number of authors of distinction; and relatives. Canon Charles Smyth officiated, the Lesson was read by the Lord President of the Council, the Marquess of Salisbury, and Sir Robert Boothby, M.P., gave an address in which he stressed two of the

[Continued below, centre.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER: LORD WOOLTON.



THE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL: THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY, WHO READ THE LESSON AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE FIRST VISCOUNT NORWICH; WITH THE MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY.

[Continued.] late Lord Norwich's outstanding qualities, his passionate interest in public affairs and his gift for friendship. It has been announced that the first Lord Norwich's widow, Diana, Viscountess Norwich, wishes to revert to her former name, Lady Diana Cooper.



MR. LESLIE HORE-BELISHA, WHO HAS BEEN CREATED A PEER IN THE NEW YEAR'S HONOURS LIST.

HAMILTON TO ROTORUA: THE QUEEN IN PASTORAL AND MAORI NEW ZEALAND.



AT ALTON LODGE ON DECEMBER 30: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ADMIRING A THOROUGHBRED DURING A VISIT TO THE STUD OF SIR JAMES FLETCHER.



YOUNG RIDERS PARADING BEFORE THE QUEEN AT THE WAIKATO AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL DISPLAY DURING HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO HAMILTON.



AT THE THERMAL SPRINGS OF WHAKAREWAREWA, THE GUIDE, A MAORI CHIEFTAINESS CALLED RANGI, EXPLAINS A NATIVE "HOT POT" TO THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE.



IN THE WAITOMO CAVES, WHERE THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PASSED IN A BOAT THROUGH THE CAVE, WHICH IS LIT BY INNUMERABLE GLOW-WORMS.



THE MAORI WOMEN OF THE WAIKATO TRIBE OF KING KOROKI CHANT A WELCOME TO THE QUEEN ON HER UNEXPECTED VISIT TO THE MARAE AT NGARUAWAHIA.



HER MAJESTY, ESCORTED BY PRINCESS PIKI, THE DAUGHTER OF KING KOROKI, ENTERS THE MARAE, OR COURTYARD, BEFORE PAYING A BRIEF VISIT TO THE MEETING HOUSE.

On December 30 the Queen was in the lush pastoral country which has as its centre Hamilton, and during this day she visited the magnificent thoroughbred stud farm at Alton Lodge; and paid an unscheduled visit to the court of the Maori chieftain, King Koroki—thereby doing much to soothe the ruffled susceptibilities of the Waikato tribe. On the following day, New Year's Eve, she first visited a crowded agricultural and pastoral display at Hamilton, and then drove to Waitomo, where New Year's Eve was spent with the Prime Minister and Mrs. Holland.

While here she visited the celebrated grottoes which are illuminated by innumerable glow-worms, and through which the visitor is drawn in silence by means of a boat over the dark waters under the shining roof of the cave. At Waitomo she was rejoined by the Duke of Edinburgh, who had attended the funeral at Wellington of the victims of the railway disaster. On January 1 the Queen and the Duke drove to Rotorua for the Maori homage and a visit to the thermal region—photographs of which appear elsewhere in this issue.



WATCHING ONE OF ROTORUA'S FAMOUS GEYSERS: H.M. THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE MAORI VILLAGE OF WHAKAREWAREWA WITH RANGI, THE MAORI WOMAN GUIDE, EXPLAINING THE SPECTACULAR THERMAL ACTIVITIES.

During the Queen's and the Duke of Edinburgh's visit to Rotorua, between January 1 and January 6, they were able to see something of the strange activities of the world's most spectacular thermal region. On January 3 they visited the Maori village of Whakarewarewa, where within a relatively small area is concentrated one of the thermal showpieces of this volcanic plateau. The Royal party was conducted through the reserve by the Maori woman guide Rangi, a chieftainess

of the local tribe. As the Royal visitors were intently watching a small geyser throwing up plumes of boiling water and steam, suddenly Pohutu, the "father of the geysers," burst into activity. The Maoris were delighted, as were the Queen and the Duke, for although Pohutu erupts daily, its habits are unpredictable, and it had already made an early morning "appearance." As the Royal party left, a group of Maori women broke into "Annie Laurie."



"THE RARE WHITE HERON OF THE SINGLE FLIGHT": H.M. THE QUEEN, WEARING A CEREMONIAL CLOAK, AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (RIGHT), LEAVING THE GREAT MAORI RECEPTION IN ROTORUA.

On January 2 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were given a moving welcome by massed Maori tribes at Arawa Park, in Rotorua. The Queen's arrival was signalled by a warrior from a watch-tower and, as she and the Duke advanced, a challenger appeared, prancing and twirling his spear, rolling his eyes, and sticking out his tongue in the correct gesture of defiance, and threw a carved dart at her

feet. This was picked up and handed to the Queen, and a second challenger followed to make sure that the visitors came as friends. The assembled crowd of some 10,000 people roared their applause when the Queen and the Duke were invested by the Maori Bishop of New Zealand with ceremonial cloaks of finely woven flax with intricate black embroidery. During the reception the Royal

visitors watched fine displays of ceremonial war dancing. An address of welcome from the Maori race was read by the Minister of Maori Affairs and translated into English. In it, the Queen was greeted as "the rare white heron of the single flight." Her Majesty's speech in reply contained a reference to her father which was greeted with great cheering. She ended with the Maori phrase, "Kia Ora

Koutou" ("Good luck to you") to the immense delight of the crowd. Our photograph shows the Queen leaving Arawa Park, accompanied by the Hon. E. B. Corbett, the Minister for Maori Affairs; and Mr. John Grace, of the Maori reception committee. As her Majesty left, the sound of the Maoris' farewell song was drowned in shouting.

REVEALING THE PALACE OF HOMER'S NESTOR: EXCAVATIONS AT PYLOS, IN THE PELOPONNESE.

By Professor CARL BLEGEN, of the University of Cincinnati.

(In our issue of December 5, 1953, we published an illustrated article by Professor Blegen describing the excavation of a magnificent Royal tomb of Homeric times at Pylos; in this issue Professor Blegen describes the remainder of the excavation which was devoted to uncovering a palace near by of about 1200 B.C., which can most probably be identified with the palace of the Homeric hero-king, Nestor. The photographs of Figs. 2-11 and 14 are by Miss Alison Frantz; Fig. 13 is from a sketch by D. R. Theocharis.)

DURING the summers of 1952 and 1953 a joint Hellenic and American expedition, which has undertaken to explore pre-classical remains in Western Messenia, made substantial progress. The Greek section, under the leadership of Professor Sp. Marinatos, of the University of Athens, who will make his own report, opened many chamber tombs in a large Mycenaean cemetery just above the village of Chora. The American section, representing the University of Cincinnati, concentrated its attention mainly on the Mycenaean palace which was discovered in 1939 (*Illustrated London News*, June 3, 1939) at a place called Epano Englianos. The hill, lying about half-way between Chora and the modern village renamed Koryphasion, rises in a commanding position some 5 km. (3½ miles) to the north of the Bay of Navarino, and about the same distance from the Ionian Sea on the west.

The work at the palace, which was made possible through the generous financial support of Professor and Mrs. W. T. Semple, has already in two campaigns uncovered a considerable area in the central and south-western parts of the building. The structure, occupying about half the hilltop, seems to have had a length of 75 m. (82 yards) or more, and a breadth of about the same. Approximately in the central axis, and oriented from south-east to north-west, is the megaron, containing the principal ceremonial apartments, and to the south-west are domestic quarters, a court, and two or more stately rooms (Fig. 1).

The principal apartment, or megaron, which follows the characteristic mainland or Mycenaean plan, comprises four elements: a narrow court (Fig. 1C) on which the structure fronts, an entrance portico (Fig. 1PO) with a two-columned façade, behind the latter a vestibule (Fig. 1V), and, finally, a great hall or throne room (Fig. 1T).

The court (Fig. 3), roughly 7 m. (7½ yards) deep and more than 11 m. (12 yards) wide, was bordered on the south-east by a wall, built of squared blocks laid in ashlar style. There were probably window-openings in the wall to provide light and air to a set of rooms beyond to the south-east. The court, which had a stucco floor, was accessible from the south-west or the north-east, perhaps from both directions; but these areas have not yet been excavated.

The portico (Figs. 2 and 3), a little more than 11 m. (12 yards) wide and about 4 m. (4½ yards) deep, was finished in good style. The walls at the sides and rear had at the bottom a dado of well-cut stone, above which were found carbonised remains of massive horizontal beams. Symmetrically placed in the façade were stone bases for two columns. The latter, almost surely made of wood, had perished; but it was clear that they had been set in place before the stucco floor was laid. At the rear of the portico a broad central doorway opened into the vestibule; it was probably closed by hangings rather than by an actual door, as there are no traces of pivot-holes in the threshold. At the right, beside the doorway, is a low, rectangular platform made of stucco. Whether it served as a place for a seat or as a stand for a sentry or a servant has not been determined.

The vestibule, about 4.60 m. (5 yards) deep, occupied the full width of the

megaron. Its floor of stucco was greatly damaged by the fire that destroyed the building; but where preserved it has a smooth surface, which retains traces of painted decoration arranged in rectangular panels. The walls on all sides were coated with fine plaster, which bore brightly-coloured frescoes. Hundreds of fallen fragments were

beside this opening, at the right, is another stucco platform, similar to that in the portico (Fig. 8).

The throne room (Figs. 2 and 4), 12.88 m. (14 yards) long and 11.20 m. (12½ yards) wide, is of approximately the same size as its counterpart at Mycenae. Though it has suffered some damage here and there, the stucco floor is relatively well preserved. It was marked off by paired incised lines into squares that usually measure about 1.07 m. (3 ft. 6 ins.) on a side. Each bore painted decoration in varied colours. Abstract linear motives prevail, but in one instance, in front of

the throne, is a large, semi-realistic octopus. In the centre of the room is a raised hearth (Figs. 6 and 7), 4.02 m. (13 ft. 2½ ins.) in diameter, made of stucco and rising in a stepped profile above the floor. Its vertical outer edge was decorated with a symbolic flame pattern, probably painted in red and black; a narrow step above bears solid triangles, apparently done in the same two colours. On top a broad, flat border surrounding the central place for the fire bears a continuous band of running spirals, which seem originally to have been painted in at least four colours, red, yellow, blue and black.

Four wooden columns, placed with rough, but not exact, symmetry, supported the ceiling and roof of the room. The columns, which were all destroyed in the fire, were set in position, each on a stone base, before the floor was laid; and in the contiguous stucco are well preserved the impressions of the lower ends of the shafts. Each had thirty-two shallow flutings comparable in design to those of the classical Doric order. Beside the westernmost column stood a circular table of offerings made of stucco (Fig. 6). Two or three small votive pots were found upon it.

Against the north-eastern wall, opposite the hearth, the place for the throne (Fig. 9) is indicated by a rectangular gap in the floor. The throne itself is missing. Whether made of stone, stucco or wood, it was installed before the floor was laid. Beside the royal seat, to the north-west, close to the wall of the room, is a shallow, basin-like depression in the floor.

A narrow channel leads north-westward some 2 m. (6 ft. 7 ins.) to a second similar hollow. This was perhaps an arrangement designed to permit the king to pour libations without rising from his throne.

The walls of the throne room were built of stone, with a framework of many upright and horizontal and transverse timbers. The surface was coated with fine plaster, which was decorated with gaily-painted frescoes. The numerous fragments recovered still require cleaning and mending before the artistic worth of the paintings can be appraised.

A broad, elevated gallery, supported in part by the columns, seems to have run around the four sides of the throne room, while above the central square about the hearth there was probably a clerestory or cupola, with windows to provide light and air. The roof was presumably flat, made of clay laid over transverse roof timbers, and perhaps stuccoed. This roof terrace and others were no doubt easily accessible: from them there was certainly a magnificent view in all directions over the surrounding countryside.

Beyond the wall delimiting the court is another quarter of the palace in which administrative records were kept. Here, in 1939, was discovered the archives room (Fig. 10), a small, earth-floored chamber, bordered on three sides by a broad clay bench or shelf. On this latter lay some 200 inscribed clay tablets, while 400 more were found heaped up in confusion on the floor as they had evidently fallen. In 1952 a second chamber was exposed to the south-east of the first. It was connected with the archives room by a doorway that was used perhaps as an annex for overflow storage of records. Lying in heaps on its earth floor were more than 300 further tablets.

They all bear writing in what was called by Sir Arthur Evans the Minoan Linear B form of script (Figs. 15 and 16). The eighty or more characters, each standing for a syllable rather than a letter, were incised with a sharp-pointed implement while the clay was soft. The tablets hardened as they dried, and [Continued opposite.

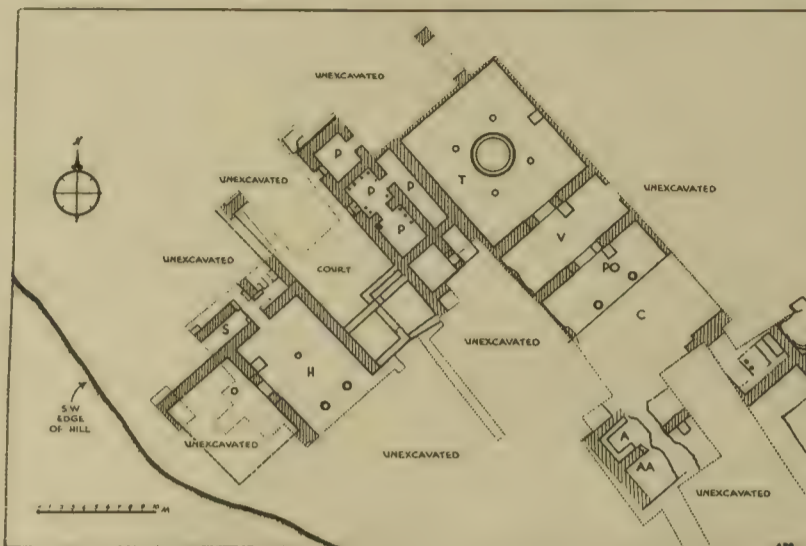


FIG. 1. A GROUND PLAN OF THE EXCAVATIONS OF THE PALACE AT PYLOS, SHOWING THE LAYOUT OF THE ROOMS SO FAR EXCAVATED. (A) THE ARCHIVES ROOM; (AA) AN ANNEXE TO THE ARCHIVES ROOM; (C) THE COURTYARD; (H) A LARGE HALL; (P) PANTRIES; (PO) PORTICO; (S) A STAIRWAY TO AN UPPER FLOOR; (T) THE THRONE ROOM; (V) THE VESTIBULE.

salvaged. It is likely that human figures were represented, but much work of cleaning, joining and restoring will be necessary before the subjects of the composition can be recognised. A small doorway led from the vestibule to the north-east, where no digging has yet been undertaken. A large doorway provided entrance to the throne room to the north-west; and



FIG. 2. THE PALACE OF NESTOR FROM THE NORTH-WEST. IN THE FOREGROUND THE GREAT THRONE ROOM (FIG. 1, T), SHOWING THE CIRCULAR CEREMONIAL HEARTH AND (LEFT) THE BASE FOR THE THRONE. BEYOND ARE THE VESTIBULE, THE PORTICO, AND THE COURTYARD.



FIG. 3. PROBABLY THE PATH WHICH ODYSSEUS, SON OF TELEMACHUS, TROD WHEN HE VISITED NESTOR. LOOKING FROM THE COURTYARD OF THE PALACE (I.E., FROM THE SOUTH-EAST) TO THE PORTICO AND VESTIBULE, THROUGH TO THE THRONE ROOM, WITH ITS CIRCULAR HEARTH.

WHERE HOMER'S NESTOR ENTERTAINED ODYSSEUS' SON, TELEMACHUS.



FIG. 4. WHERE THE WISE AND AGED HERO OF THE TROJAN WAR, NESTOR, ENTERTAINED TELEMACHUS, SON OF ODYSSEUS: THE PALACE OF PYLOS (SEE FIG. 1), LOOKING OVER THE THRONE ROOM (WITH CIRCULAR HEARTH) ACROSS THE PANTRIES AND A COURTYARD TO A LARGE HALL OF STATE.



FIG. 5. THE SAME VIEW AS FIG. 4, BUT IN REVERSE. IN THE FOREGROUND A LARGE HALL OF STATE, ORIGINALLY WITH A TWO-COLUMNED FAÇADE AND A SINGLE INTERIOR COLUMN. IN THE DISTANCE RISES THE MAIN RIDGE OF MT. AIGALION. IN THE CENTRE, A PAVED COURT.

Continued.

were apparently never properly baked except by accident. The documents seem to be bookkeeping accounts, dealing in methodical entries with human beings, animals and commodities, using a decimal scale of numbers, and employing several standardised systems of weights and measures. The texts have not yet been read and understood, but recent researches have made it seem probable that the language is an early form of Greek. Excavation under the supervision of Miss Marion Rawson toward the south-west alongside the throne room revealed seven

small chambers evidently belonging to the domestic part of the palace (Figs. 4, 5 and 11). Four of them were used for the storage of household pottery. One contained at least 2853 tall-stemmed drinking cups, another more than 2100 shallow, saucer-like bowls and "tea cups," a third some 500 vessels of half-a-dozen different shapes, which had been stored on shelves, and the fourth several hundred other pots mainly small, some even miniatures (Figs. 12 and 17). Whether these vases, in most instances undecorated, were for general use in the palace or belonged to

[Continued overleaf.]

THE THRONE ROOM OF NESTOR: DETAILS OF THE HOMERIC PALACE OF PYLOS.



FIG. 6. THE THRONE ROOM IN COURSE OF EXCAVATION. IN THE CENTRE, THE CEREMONIAL HEARTH. FOREGROUND, BESIDE A COLUMN BASE, THE REMAINS OF A STUCCO OFFERING-TABLE.

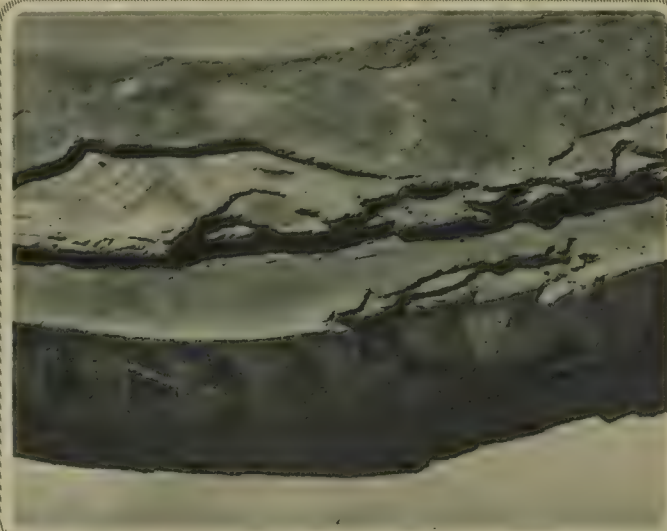


FIG. 7. DETAIL OF THE CIRCULAR BASE, SHOWING FIVE SUCCESSIVE COATS OF PAINTED PLASTER. AT THE TOP A BAND OF RUNNING SPIRALS IN FOUR COLOURS; BELOW, FLAME-LIKE TRIANGLES.



FIG. 8. IN THE VESTIBULE, BESIDE THE DOOR TO THE THRONE ROOM: A STUCCO PLATFORM, PERHAPS FOR A SEAT, OR A STAND FOR A SENTRY. THESE PLATFORMS ARE PECULIAR FEATURES OF THIS PALACE.



FIG. 9. WHERE THE THRONE STOOD IN THE PALACE OF PYLOS. BEYOND THE RECESS CAN BE SEEN TWO HOLLOWES CONNECTED BY A DRAIN, PRESUMABLY FOR THE KING'S LIBATIONS.



FIG. 10. THE ARCHIVES ROOM OF THE PALACE. SOME 200 TABLETS LAY ON THE U-SHAPED SHELF, MORE ON THE FLOOR AND ABOUT 300 IN THE ANNEXE (LEFT).



FIG. 11. ONE OF THE PANTRIES OF THE PALACE. THE POST-HOLES NEAR THE WALL SHOW THAT A STOUT SHELF RAN ROUND THE ROOM.

Continued.

the servants' quarters is not yet clear. In the upper strata of debris filling the rooms were abundant fragments of frescoes, obviously fallen from an upper storey, and the greater part of a large tablet concerned with pots, perhaps made of metal. Excavation beyond the pantries, supervised by Miss Rosemary Hope and Professor W. McDonald, exposed an open, stucco-paved court, which was once bordered on each side by an ashlar wall. Still farther to the south-west are two spacious rooms, 10 m. (10½ yards) long and more than 7 m. (7½ yards) wide. The first was entered through a two-columned façade from the south-east (Fig. 5), and had a single interior column in the longitudinal axis. The stone bases are still preserved and the contiguous stucco bears impressions indicating that the shafts, presumably of wood, had forty-four flutes. Innumerable fragments of frescoes, still adhering to

the walls or lying where they had fallen on the floor, gave mute testimony to the care once lavished on the decoration of this apartment. To the right of a doorway opening south-westward into a similar adjacent room is another stucco platform like those already noted in other parts of the palace. Yet another doorway leads north-westward, giving access to a stairway that ascended to the upper storey, and to a complex of passages and rooms not yet explored. The palace was destroyed in a devastating fire which laid the entire establishment in ruins. Many stones were calcined by the intense heat and became fused with disintegrated crude brick into shapeless concretions. From one such mass in the south-eastern quarter, D. R. Theodoris was able to chisel out an interesting fragment of fresco (Fig. 13), showing part of the figure of a "kilted" man. Apart from pottery, however,

[Continued opposite.]

THE ARCHIVES AND KITCHEN STORES OF A HOMERIC KING:
LIGHT ON THE HOME-LIFE OF NESTOR, THE WISEST HERO.



(ABOVE.) FIG. 12. THREE DIMINUTIVE UNDECORATED DRINKING CUPS—PROBABLY VOTIVE OFFERINGS—FOUND IN THE ANNEXE TO THE ARCHIVES ROOM. MANY WERE FOUND IN THIS ROOM AND OTHERS IN ONE OF THE PANTRIES.



FIG. 13. A FRAGMENT OF FRESCO SHOWING A "KILTIED" WARRIOR. FOUND IN A FUSED MASS OF STONE AND BRICK. HE IS WEARING GREAVES.

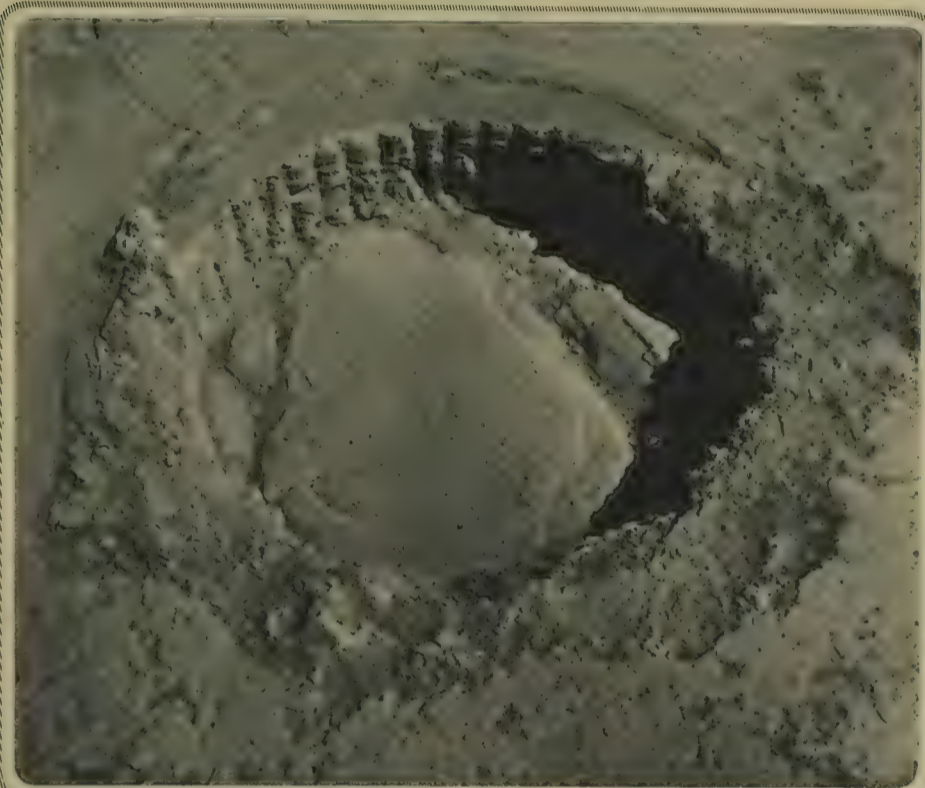


FIG. 14. A COLUMN BASE FROM THE HALL OF STATE (FIG. 1H). A FLUTED WOODEN PILLAR PRESUMABLY STOOD ON A STONE BASE, AND SUCCESSIVE POURINGS OF STUCCO FLOOR HAVE PRESERVED THE SHAPE OF THE FLUTES OF THE PILLAR.

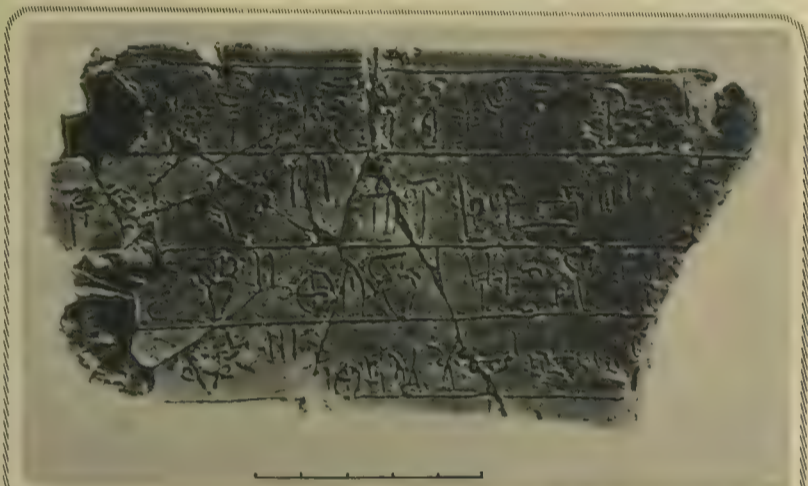
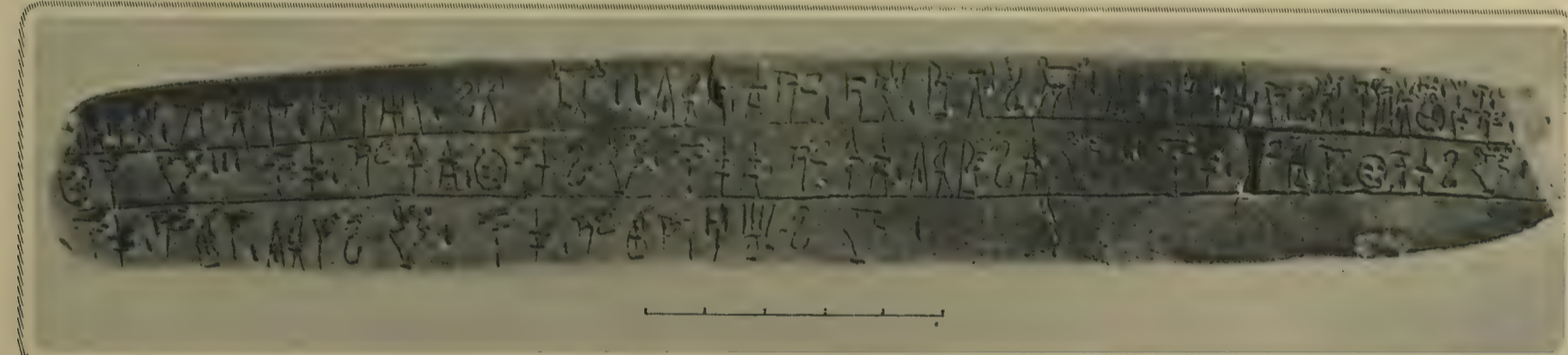


FIG. 15. AN INSCRIBED TABLET, FOUND IN THE MIDDLE PANTRY, PRESUMABLY FALLEN FROM AN UPPER FLOOR. IN LINEAR B SCRIPT AND APPARENTLY A CATALOGUE OF POTS, POSSIBLY MADE OF METAL.



(ABOVE.) FIG. 16. A LONG INSCRIBED CLAY TABLET FOUND IN THE ANNEXE (FIG. 1A). IT SEEMS TO BE AN INVENTORY OF POTTERY, LISTED ACCORDING TO VARIOUS TYPES AND USES.

Continued.

little of the household furniture and equipment escaped serious damage. The site was never again inhabited after the disaster. The abundant pottery found on the floors seems to fix the date of the destruction to a time not far from 1200 B.C. How much earlier the building was first erected has not yet been ascertained. The size of the palace, the style of its architecture, and the quality of the frescoes and other remains make it clear that we are dealing with a major Mycenaean capital, a seat of wealth and power that takes its place alongside the palaces at Mycenae and Tiryns. In Greek tradition there is only one family accredited to Western Messenia that seems to have the necessary qualifications. That is the family of the Neleids and its most illustrious son, King Nestor, who in his material contribution to the Trojan War was second only to the King of Men, Agamemnon himself. Although documentary evidence for the identification is still lacking, the conjecture is already highly probable that it is Ancient Pylos and the palace of King Nestor that we have found.



FIG. 17. A SELECTION OF THE VARIOUS TYPES OF POTS, FOR THE MOST PART UNDECORATED, WHICH WERE FOUND IN VERY LARGE QUANTITIES IN THE PANTRIES ADJOINING THE THRONE ROOM OF THE PALACE.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

PILING IT ON.

By J. C. TREWIN.

HOLLYWOOD on the stage has been, as a rule, a place of wild, comic fantasy and frenzy: we remember "Once in a Lifetime" and its Mr. Glogauer. In fact, we are so inured to this that if an entire cast were to enter upside-down, we should register only the faintest surprise. Hollywood, of course! That is why "The Big Knife" (Duke of York's) is disconcerting. It is a Hollywood world—the scene is Beverly Hills—but the subject is grave and the atmosphere charged; the leading character has a part stretched as tautly as a wire hawser on the point of snapping.

Different certainly—and yet this play is still fantastic. Here are those playboys of the Western World in a situation that seems to me wholly remote from life, though for all I know, the goings-on may be common form in a society where "playrooms" are full of Modiglianis, pin-tables, Rouaults, Martinis, and concealed cinema projectors; where manslaughter, blackmail and suicide are fairly normal sports; and where everybody uses three sentences where one would do. Now and then we remember approvingly two lines from Kipling on another jungle:

With fevered jowl and dusty flank,
Each jostling each along the bank.

And, throughout the evening, we feel, at heart, that this picture of a fabulous world is as mythical as the other. Poor Hollywood!

Clifford Odets is a vigorous and experienced dramatist who gives at first the impression that there is so much to say and so little time in which to say it. Then, as the play approaches the end of its three hours, we realise that it could have been shortened by at least one-third. If so, it would have gained vastly in dramatic force. The production dawdles; but, no doubt, Sam Wanamaker, who produces and who also acts the principal part, has had too much on his mind to think of accelerating.

The man Mr. Wanamaker grapples with is an actor whose artistic and domestic careers are equally imperilled. He was once a good stage actor. Now he is a Hollywood puppet, or, as it were, a star-shell. He has exposed himself to blackmail by the boss of his firm. Vainly, like a man who seeks to pierce a granite cliff with a penknife, he fights for the remnant of his soul. We get a curious picture of life in Beverly Hills. It comes to us as quite unreal, something seen through a gauze. Although the substance of the piece should be sound enough in its melodramatic fashion—and though we have known many plays less actable—it does test our imagination to credit these people. Unless we can believe in at least one person in a cast, a play must be nearly a dead loss. It was

that was why her grief in the last minute of the play was the most moving thing in the night. It sent me out feeling for a while that the play was more important than it is.

Mr. Wanamaker, whose performance might serve as material for a text-book on stresses and strains,



"A BOLDLY ASSURED LITTLE REVUE, WITH MORE APT NUMBERS THAN MOST, AND SOME THAT TAKE A FIRST-CLASS": "MORE INTIMACY AT EIGHT" (NEW LINDSEY), SHOWING A SCENE FROM A NUMBER IN THE REVUE CALLED "WE ARE AMUSED," WITH GEOFFREY HIBBERT AS DISRAELI AND DILYS LAY AS QUEEN VICTORIA.

has a very long part. He acts it with much fidelity to his author; and we know by now how well he can portray a man on the mental rack. Still, for me, the man—as a real person—rarely shone from the dramatist's typescript. It was no fault of the actor. The character lay under a weight of words; shoulders were Atlas-bowed. Among the others—in a desolately difficult piece for players unused to this special American idiom—neither Heather Stannard, an excellent actress gravely miscast, nor Joseph O'Connor had any true chance; and Diane Cilento, whom I recall best as an enchantingly stiff Velasquez infanta in a children's Christmas play, aimed boldly at a horrific young woman with a coming-on disposition.

There remain the three actors that, at a joint curtain-call, I thought of disrespectfully as the material of a music-hall turn. "The Three Twisters," maybe: the boss, the jackal and the agent. Two of them stayed true to type until the end; the third, acted by Meier Tzelniker, suddenly grabbed our sympathies with his idea of a smiling sycophant who is ashamed of his sycophancy, and who sees what a dire world he has been inhabiting. Mr. Tzelniker's few moments here should go with Miss Asherson's performance. Reality was breaking through; the gauze began to split.

George Coulouris has a practised shifty-sinister manner as the jackal who would not hesitate, if need be, at a little quiet murder. And over all is the blackmailing boss who is called Marcus Hoff, and whom Frederick Valk embodies, massive and menacing. He reminds me of the Butcher of La Bronhinière in Conan Doyle's "Sir Nigel": "Over the parapet there appeared a ball of brass, then a pair of great brazen shoulders, and lastly the full figure of an armoured man." But, for all his menace, Hoff is a hollow man. He lacks the final breath of life. Commanding actor though Valk is, he can be hard to hear. Sometimes a line gets through with sibilant clarity; too often the words are distorted.

So there we are. If we feel that way, the play is Hollywood taken seriously, the cauldron uncapped. Or it can be treated as just another Hollywood fantasia. I know only that, after a couple of hours at the Duke of York's, I should have been delighted to have had twenty minutes or so with an old friend, Kaufman and Hart's Mr. Glogauer ("That's the way we do things out here—no time wasted in thinking"). Mr. Odets has thought a great deal, and he has said all he has thought. It is the main reason, I believe, why the play's effect is so blurred and why the big knife of melodrama does not cut cleanly through. "Isn't it time," says Mr. Wanamaker somewhere, "that we learned to bear the strains of life in silence?" Some will commend this sentence to its author. He has piled things on too lavishly.

The revue, "More Intimacy at Eight" (New Lindsey), may also be said to pile it on; there are some thirty numbers. Luckily, most of them—in the Shakespearean phrase—are "brief, short, quick, snap"; and the authors tingle with ideas that their players pounce upon gratefully. Thus Joan Sims is at action stations as an undismayed *femme fatale* who has become the most seductive train announcer in the business. (Listen to her as she breathes "Woking," and possibly all but derails the train.) Miss Sims has a chuckling gaiety; we feel that her good cheer is



"SOMEWHERE IN THE JUNGLE OF WORDS, WORDS, WORDS, A SERVICEABLE MELODRAMA LIES CONCEALED": "THE BIG KNIFE" (DUKE OF YORK'S); A SCENE FROM THE PLAY BY CLIFFORD ODETS, SHOWING (L. TO R.) PATTY BENEDICT, A COLUMNIST (NATALIE LYNN); CHARLES CASTLE (SAM WANAMAKER); MARION CASTLE (RENÉE ASHERSON) AND BUDDY BLISS (PHILIP VICKERS).



"IT IS A HOLLYWOOD WORLD—THE SCENE IS BEVERLY HILLS—BUT THE SUBJECT IS GRAVE AND THE ATMOSPHERE CHARGED; THE LEADING CHARACTER (CHARLES CASTLE, PLAYED BY SAM WANAMAKER) HAS A PART STRETCHED AS TAUTLY AS A WIRE HAWSER ON THE POINT OF SNAPPING": "THE BIG KNIFE," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, WITH (L. TO R.) NAT DANZIGER (MEIER TZELNIKER); MARCUS HOFF (FREDERICK VALK); SMILEY COV (GEORGE COULOURIS) AND CHARLES CASTLE (SAM WANAMAKER).

with relief, then, that I found I could believe in Renée Asherson as the wife who seeks to detach her husband from the cheap artifice of the world he lives in, and to restore her married life to happiness. Miss Asherson, unlike some actresses, does not drop from the character when she has spoken her lines. She listens beautifully; we know it is not merely the appearance of listening which is easy enough to simulate. A little matter of accent aside, she is indeed the woman she represents; and

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"MORE INTIMACY AT EIGHT" (New Lindsey).—A boldly assured little revue, with more apt numbers than most, and some that take a first-class. Peter Myers, Alec Grahame and David Climie have written it; the music is by John Pritchett and Ronald Cass; and any authors, with Joan Sims and Ronnie Stevens in their company, can consider themselves well served. (December 31.)
"THE BIG KNIFE" (Duke of York's).—Clifford Odets is very serious indeed about the actor in danger of losing his soul—the scene is Hollywood—without persuading us that we need quite so much seriousness about some very trying people. But Sam Wanamaker, the producer and the right actor for this exceedingly American play, is as taut as Odets could wish; Renée Asherson has a touching quality; and somewhere in the jungle of words, words, words, a serviceable melodrama lies concealed. (January 1.)

genuine, not synthetic, and that is a gift to any revue. The other gay memory is of Ronnie Stevens (as what Victorian humorists used to call a Knight of the Comb and Scissors) when he sings a new-style Largo Il Barbiere and piles it on in all senses. Admirers of the prosier verse dramas may be horrified by David Climie's effort to write a bedroom farce in verse: it appeared to me to hit a variety of nails sharply on the head.

A BRILLIANT COVENT GARDEN SUCCESS: RIMSKY-KORSAKOV'S "COQ D'OR."



REASSURED BY THE PRESENCE OF THE GOLDEN COCKEREL ON THE SPEAR (LEFT) WHICH THE ASTROLOGER HAS GIVEN HIM, KING DODON (HOWELL GLYNNE) PREPARES FOR BED.



BEFORE THE GIFT OF THE GOLDEN COCKEREL, KING DODON IS PERTURBED AT THE STATE OF AFFAIRS. NEITHER HIS SONS (LEFT) NOR HIS GENERAL (RIGHT) NOR HIS COUNCIL (CENTRE) CAN HELP HIM.



MISS MATTIWILDA DOBBS, WHO SINGS THE BRILLIANT AND EXACTING PART OF THE QUEEN OF SHEMAKHAN WITH TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS.



THE SCENE AT THE MOUNTAIN PASS WHEN THE QUEEN'S PAVILION HAS MAGICALLY RISEN FROM THE ROCKS: THE QUEEN OF SHEMAKHAN AND HER SEDUCTIVE COURT.



KING DODON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEMAKHAN RETURN TO DODON'S CAPITAL IN TRIUMPH. THE ASTROLOGER (LEFT) APPEARS AND CASTS A CHILL ON THE REJOICINGS.



THE ASTROLOGER (HUGUES CUENOD) (CENTRE) CLAIMS THE QUEEN'S HAND JUST BEFORE THE FINALE. IN THE BACKGROUND, THE MONSTERS OF THE TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.

On January 7 Rimsky-Korsakov's opera—a fairy tale with a moral—was presented at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, with triumphant success. This was the full original version, as planned by the composer, and not the mimed version of Fokine which Diaghileff produced. The present production, which has been hailed as Covent Garden's best since the war, was brilliantly mounted and sung. The production was by Mr. Robert Helpmann, who also devised the dances; and the scenery and costumes, which were notably exciting and effective,

were designed by Mr. Loudon Sainthill. The opera calls for two remarkable voices; that of the Queen of Shemakhan, which was sung and played excellently by Miss Mattiwilda Dobbs; and the part of the Astrologer, in which what Rimsky-Korsakov called a tenor-altino is required. This was sung with great effect in a high tenor with a piercing and fluty falsetto by the Swiss, M. Hugues Cuenod. The Golden Cockerel was sung (off) by Miss Arda Mandikian; and King Dodon was sung and played as an excellent comedy rôle by Mr. Howell Glynn.



ONE of the items in the Chinese Blue-and-White Porcelain (fourteenth to the nineteenth centuries) Exhibition at the Arts Council Galleries is a Ming Dynasty jar, decorated with figures in a landscape. Round the neck is a brocade border with flowers and small panels containing characters, reading: "A hundred pots of delicious wine for official use." Oh! to be an official of either the Arts Council or the Oriental Ceramic Society, which enlightened and benign bodies are jointly responsible for a show which covers 600 years of porcelain manufacture! Here is the pot (empty) with, I presume, the officials taking the dog—a fierce lion-dog—for a walk in St. James's Square in the cool of the evening (Fig. 1).



FIG. 1. AN EXAMPLE OF THE IMPERIAL WARES OF CHIA CHING (1522-1566): A JAR OF *hu* SHAPES DECORATED WITH FIGURES IN A LANDSCAPE. (Height, 12.2 ins.)

Round the neck of this jar is a brocade border with flowers and small panels containing characters reading: "A hundred pots of delicious wine for official use." The mark *Chia Ching hsien yu nien chih* gives a date corresponding to A.D. 1561. The blue-and-white of Chia Ching is noted for its fine dark purplish blue, sometimes called "Mohammedan blue." [Lent by Mr. R. F. A. Riesco.]

Date, mark of the Emperor Chia Ching, corresponding to our A.D. 1561, three years after the accession of Queen Elizabeth I., at which moment scarcely anyone in Europe had dreamt of so marvellous a material as porcelain, but which the Chinese had already manufactured for five centuries and more. I have just one complaint—a small one—against these enviable officials.

The published reason for this happy leasehold marriage between the learned Oriental Ceramic Society and the benevolent Arts Council is "to show to a wider public than usually attends the Society's exhibitions, the range and qualities of Chinese blue-and-white, one of the most important groups of Chinese porcelain, and one which perhaps has had a greater influence than any other on the development of European pottery and porcelain during the last three hundred years." So we have a series of more than 300 wonderful pieces belonging to the Society's members, arranged to perfection in the Council's splendid rooms, and with the usual excellent catalogue; but the catalogue, I suggest, is devised to please the members rather than the wide public for whom the exhibition has ostensibly been organised. It

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. BLUE-AND-WHITE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

is, for example, asking rather a lot of the average man to take it for granted that he carries in his head all the dates of all the emperors, and few of us normally keep in our pockets either a list of dates or a chart of the marks, items which could easily have appeared in the catalogue, and would enable the ignorant to find his bearings.

And how to give some indication, however briefly, of the quiet splendours that await you? Blue-and-white they all are, but I am green with pleasurable envy and am tempted at every turn to break both the Eighth and Ninth Commandments. First, I think the bowl of Fig. 2, with the most subtle curves in its sexfoil rim (a point which comes out very well in the photograph) and decorated both outside and in—with fruiting and flowering sprays with plenty of white space round them. Mark and period Hsian Tê (1426-1435). The words "mark and period" perhaps require explanation. The products of this age were held in such esteem later that imitations were frequent—not only form and style, but the marks as well. "Mark and period" in the catalogue means that the piece not only bears the Hsian Tê mark, but is also, in the opinion of those who know, actually of this Ming emperor's reign. As Sir Harry Garner remarks in his introduction: "The collector will need all his wits if he is to distinguish the copy from the original." Here I think I ought to quote a little more: "Copies of earlier wares were made over the greater part of the Ming and Ch'ing dynasties." (Ming, 1368-1644; Ch'ing, 1644-1912.) "Sometimes they were not, and were not intended to be, exact copies. They were simply in the style of earlier wares. At other times the copies were intended to be as close as possible and to deceive the unwary. Even the technical defects of the earlier wares were reproduced as closely as possible." If the pursuit of the truth as between the eighteenth century and, say, the fifteenth can present certain puzzles, it can be readily understood what difficulties arise in determining whether an apparently early fifteenth-century piece is really what it appears to be or is in fact of late fifteenth-century manufacture imitating the style of fifty years before. Here is ample scope for the learned to argue almost indefinitely. The average man begins to wonder what all the fuss is about; he says to himself: "Is this a fine thing, or is it not?—and the devil take all this talk." I am not complaining personally, because I happen to find these erudite battles interesting and entertaining, but as this exhibition has been specially staged to attract the non-specialist, it would perhaps have been wiser had the catalogue catered more for him and less for the *cognoscenti*. The show, for the former, is almost too neatly docketed and documented, if such a thing is possible, reducing the vast sprawl of human endeavour stretching over six centuries to the tidiest logical sequence. Now, what an ungracious thing to write!—as if I am trying to prevent visitors from entering. Of course—I repeat, of course—if you have the slightest interest in porcelain you must see this collection, which will be on view till January 23, even if your only reason for going is to see just where European imitators failed, or just what kind of blue-and-white stirred the imagination

of Victorian England in the days of Whistler and Rossetti; and to ponder upon what their reaction would have been had they seen the earlier pieces which have become familiar to the West since their day.

But to proceed with my breaking of the two Commandments, next to the bowl I think I must choose the vase of Fig. 3, first for its form—the so-called *mei ping* shape (that is, a vase intended for a single spray of prunus blossom)—and secondly for the fine drawing of its foliage. It is one of a group of twenty-nine pieces which are unmarked, but which from their style, colour and quality are attributed with confidence to the first half of the fifteenth century. It is in such cases as this, I think, that the beginner, having been beguiled by the design, is likely to shrug his shoulders at first and decide that he just doesn't care who made it or when. But after a little while he will find himself comparing it with others of similar quality, whether unmarked or marked, and after that noting the subtle but none the less definite differences between it and pieces which are indubitably much



FIG. 3. DATING FROM THE FIRST HALF OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY: AN UNMARKED VASE OF *mei ping* FORM DECORATED ON THE BODY WITH PARROTS ON FLOWERING BRANCHES. (Height, 13 ins.)

This vase of *mei ping* form, on view at the Exhibition of Chinese Blue-and-White Porcelain discussed on this page, is decorated with parrots on flowering branches on the body. A band of diaper pattern occupies the shoulder and, at the base, is a peony scroll.

Lent by Mrs. Alfred Clark.

later—differences which cannot be satisfactorily shown in a photograph. Without realising what has happened to him, John Smith, who walked in impelled by curiosity as to what all this is about, will walk out, slightly bewildered, even intoxicated, having imbibed the rudiments of connoisseurship.

My other temptation—there are of course lots more, but I have no space left to me—is a little dish—a peach of a thing, 5.7 ins. in diameter—perfection of glaze, painting and finish—painted inside with two birds on a flowering tree and with similar decoration underneath. It bears the four-character mark of the Emperor Cheng Tê (1506-1521)—this kind of lovely simplicity is beyond time and almost beyond space. While, as is inevitable, the Ming Dynasty blue-and-white is bound to attract most attention, the array from later centuries, especially of the last part of the seventeenth century (the reign of K'ang Hsi), is superb, and the Society has included also a few examples from the nineteenth to demonstrate the decline in standards which occurred. A little group of Yung Cheng pieces (1723-1735) with imitation Ming marks shows how well the potters of that reign understood and revered the old tradition.



FIG. 2. ONE OF THE GROUP OF HSÜAN TÊ WARES ON VIEW AT THE ORIENTAL CERAMIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION OF CHINESE BLUE-AND-WHITE PORCELAIN: A SHALLOW BOWL WITH SEXFOIL RIM. (Diameter, 8.8 ins.)

This shallow bowl with sexfoil rim (Hsian Tê mark and period) is decorated outside with twelve flowering and fruiting sprays and inside with central pomegranate spray surrounded by six flower sprays, with a border of small sprays inside the rim.

Lent by Mr. J. F. Woodthorpe.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



DEPRIVED OF DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY AND EXPELLED FROM EGYPT: MR. FUAD TUGAY (LEFT), TURKISH AMBASSADOR.
The Egyptian Government announced on January 4 that the Ambassador of Turkey, Mr. Fuad Tugay, because he had been "consistently and outspokenly unfriendly in his attitude to Egypt," had been deprived of his diplomatic immunity and had been ordered to leave the country. The Ambassador left the following day.



KILLED IN THE COMET AIRLINER DISASTER ON JANUARY 10: MR. CHESTER WILMOT.

Mr. Chester Wilmot, the Australian author and broadcaster, who was killed in the *Comet* disaster, was forty-two. Since 1952 Mr. Wilmot had been Military Correspondent of the *Observer*. He was War Correspondent for the Australian Broadcasting Commission in the Middle East and New Guinea, 1940-42, B.B.C. War Correspondent, 1944-45, and the B.B.C.'s Special Correspondent at the Nuremberg Trial of German War Criminals, 1945-46. His book, "The Struggle for Europe," was published in 1952.



DIED ON JANUARY 5: MR. A. F. TSCHIFFELY; WITH ONE OF HIS FAMOUS HORSES.

Mr. Aimé Felix Tschiffely, the author and traveller, who was fifty-eight, is best remembered for a 10,000-mile ride on horseback from Buenos Aires to Washington which he began in 1925 and took two-and-a-half years to complete. He wrote of his adventures in "From Southern Cross to Pole Star," and "Tschiffely's Ride."



APPOINTED MANAGING DIRECTOR OF STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY: MR. A. S. DICK.

Mr. Alick S. Dick was appointed on January 7 to be Managing Director of the Standard Motor Company, in succession to Sir John Black. Mr. Dick, who was Deputy Managing Director, joined the Company as an apprentice in 1934.



WINNERS OF THE HASTINGS CHESS TOURNAMENT: C. H. O'D. ALEXANDER (CENTRE) AND D. BRONSTEIN (RIGHT) RECEIVING PRIZES FROM THE MAYORESS OF HASTINGS.

The Hastings Chess Tournament ended on January 8 in a tie between C. H. O'D. Alexander (Great Britain) and D. Bronstein (U.S.S.R.), with 6½ points each. The game in which Alexander beat Bronstein extended over three days and involved 120 moves. This win put Alexander ahead, but Bronstein, by beating R. Teschner (Germany), drew level, and so shared the prize which the Mayoress of Hastings presented.



APPOINTED AMBASSADOR TO AUSTRIA: SIR GEOFFREY WALLINGER.

As announced on January 4, Sir Geoffrey Wallinger, at present Ambassador in Bangkok, is to be Ambassador and High Commissioner to Austria in succession to Sir Harold Caccia. Sir Geoffrey was Minister to Hungary, 1949-51, Chargé d'Affaires, Chungking, 1945-46, and Political Secretary, U.K. High Commissioner, S. Africa, 1935-38.



PREVENTED FROM FLYING IN CRASHED COMET: STEWARDESS ELAINE BAKER.
Miss Elaine Baker, a B.O.A.C. stewardess, who was to have flown in the ill-fated *Comet* which crashed in the Mediterranean on January 10 while flying from Singapore en route to London, was prevented from going on duty by illness. At the time of writing there have been no survivors from the crash.



FIRST MEETING IN TEHRAN: MR. DENIS WRIGHT, BRITISH CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES (CENTRE), WITH THE PERSIAN PRIME MINISTER, GENERAL ZAHEDI (RIGHT).

On January 6 Mr. Denis Wright, British Chargé d'Affaires, had his first meeting with the Persian Prime Minister, General Zahedi. After the meeting Mr. Wright told the Press that oil was the main topic of the discussions and that he was optimistic about an early settlement of the oil problem.



DIED ON JANUARY 8: LORD GEDDES.

Lord Geddes, who was seventy-four, was British Ambassador to the U.S.A. 1920-1924. He was Minister of National Service, 1917-1919, and President of the Board of Trade, 1919-1920. Lord Geddes was a Professor of Anatomy, 1914, and was Principal of McGill University, Montreal, 1919-1920.



NEW MASTER OF THE HOUSEHOLD: MAJOR MARK MILBANK.

Major Mark Milbank, who has been Deputy Master of the Household at Buckingham Palace since September 1952, was appointed on January 1 Master of the Household in succession to Sir Piers Leigh. Major Milbank was Comptroller to Field Marshal Lord Alexander's household when the latter was Governor-General of Canada, 1946-1952.



HOME AFTER KOREAN ORDEAL: LIEUT. D. A. LANKFORD, R.N.V.R.

Speaking at the Admiralty on January 7, Lieutenant D. A. Lankford, R.N.V.R., who had been a prisoner of war in North Korea from 1951 until September 1953, told of some of his terrible experiences. In anticipation of his execution, he said, he was forced to dig his own grave.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



RATS AND REFRIGERATION.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IF rats had not made such a nuisance of themselves they would probably head the list of interesting animal species. On the other hand, their high nuisance-value is directing a large volume of intensive research on to their way of life. Symptomatic of this is the publication of a special periodical devoted to rats and mice by the Ministry of Agriculture of the Netherlands. The aim of all this research is, of course, the control of their numbers and depredations, but, incidental to it, there is emerging a wealth of data of real zoological value. This paradox is recalled by reading a booklet just published by the Corporation of the City of London and written under the able joint-authorship of R. S. R. Fitter and J. E. Lousley. The intensively built-over heart of London would not seem the best place to attract the naturalist, but "The Natural History of the City" goes far to dispel this impression. It must be admitted, however, that a fair percentage of the flora and fauna of the City is peculiar, or out-of-place. The long list of wild flowers, for example, owes much to the scars known as the bombed sites. So also does the list of insects. There is, however, one group of animals which is peculiar neither to the City nor to this age and generation.

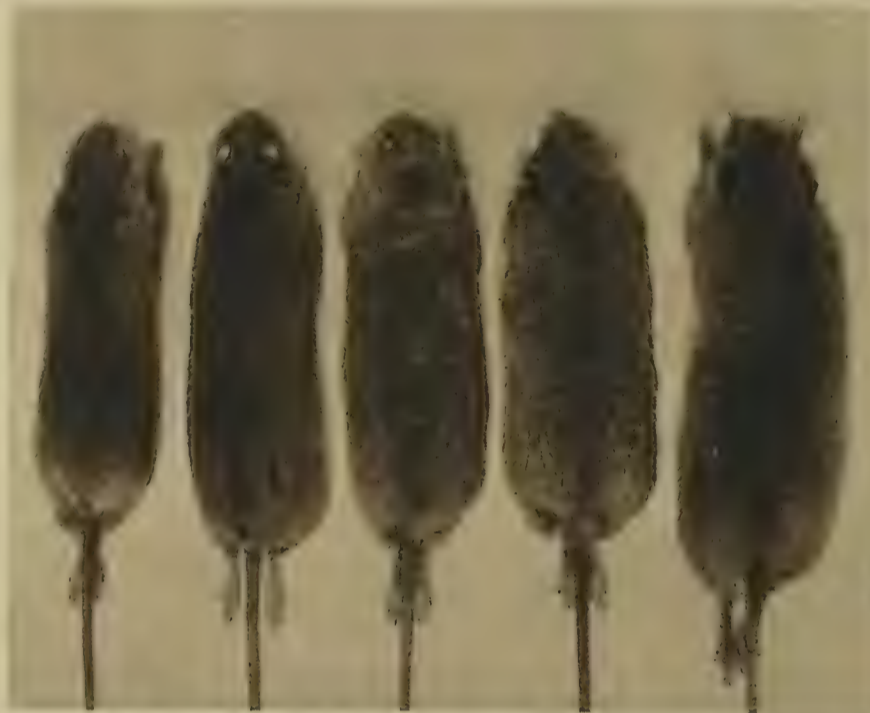
On page 20 we read: "There are three wild four-footed beasts which actually live in the City, and that is three too many. They are the house-mouse, the brown rat and the black rat; all unmitigated pests that cost the City authorities and merchants thousands of pounds each year in the damage they do and the expense of trying to get rid of them. The most interesting thing about them is that those which inhabit cold stores grow especially thick coats to withstand the arctic

presents difficulty to those attempting to classify its various forms, because these grade readily one into the other. The same is true, to a greater or lesser degree, of all species of the genus *Rattus*. In addition to slight differences in colour of the fur, in the proportions of the skull, variations in

is an evident and steady transition from harsh to woolly with the increase in height above sea-level.

Most species of rats, and the black rat in particular, are said to be plastic. This means not only that different individuals show a wide range of minor variations, but that the species as a whole shows an ability to occupy and exploit a wide range of habitats, is readily adaptable to changing circumstances, and, largely as a consequence of these three, that the species as a whole tends to become segregated into numerous sub-species or races. Where, as in passing up the slopes of mountains, there is a diminution in the mean daily temperature, there will be found a series of what are called altitudinal races corresponding approximately to the temperature changes. Where there are fluctuating conditions of the environment, as at sea-level, the individuals belonging to a plastic species will show fluctuating changes. In the constant low-temperature conditions of the cold stores, then, the variation best fitted to meet these arctic conditions will tend to become stabilised.

One of the reasons why it is impossible to speak with greater certainty on the causes of these variations lies in the usual inherent difficulty of investigating such a wide problem. Another is made by the rats themselves. Thus, although I have spoken with such confidence of the gradual transition from a harsh to a woolly fur as one ascends from sea-level up the mountain-side, in fact, in a given collection of skins, the transition is less perfect than might appear from this. We have to assume therefore that any rat, plastic and adaptable as rats are known to be, may wander out of its typical habitat. In this way, a harsh-furred



ILLUSTRATING THE VARIATIONS IN PELAGE OF RATS FOUND AT DIFFERENT ALTITUDES: SKINS OF FIVE RATS OF *RATTUS FULVESCENS* FROM SOUTH-EAST ASIA. THE ONE ON THE LEFT, FROM SEA-LEVEL, HAS THE "NORMAL" HARSH FUR; WHILE THOSE NEXT TO IT, L. TO R., FROM 3500, 4750, 5400 AND 6000 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL, RESPECTIVELY, SHOW A PELAGE GROWING SUCCESSIVELY MORE WOOLLY. (Photographs by Peter J. Green.)



HARSH AND WOOLLY RATS: A TYPICAL BLACK RAT (LEFT) WITH HARSH FUR, TRAPPED IN A STORE IN NEW GUINEA AT SEA-LEVEL; AND (RIGHT) A SPECIMEN OF AN ALTITUDINAL RACE OF THE BLACK RAT *RATTUS RATTUS BALUENSIS*, FROM 8000 FT. ON BORNEO, WITH EXTREMELY WOOLLY FUR.

the size of the body or the length of the tail, there is also the variation in the thickness of the underfur.

When it is said that the rats living in the cold stores in the City have thicker coats it means that the underfur forms the dominant part of the pelage, the longer, spiny bristles, known as the guard-hairs, which normally project well beyond the underfur, being less in evidence. The change is not so noticeable with the eye as with the finger-tips. In running the fingers against the grain of the fur on the back of a "normal" rat, the fur feels coarse, bristly or spiny. It is not easy to find the exact word to describe it, and perhaps harsh may be used as a matter of convenience. When the underfur is more dense and the guard-hairs less in evidence, there is a softer, more woolly texture. As I say, this is very striking to the touch and only barely discernible with the eye.

The woolly pelt is not peculiar to rats living in cold stores. In a hundred specimens of black rat skins, from widely different parts of the world, there will be found varying degrees of harshness and wooliness in the pelt. Moreover, there is no obvious linkage between these variations and temperature. For example, two skins from West Africa may be harsh and woolly respectively, another from New Guinea may be harsh, and a fourth from the Channel Islands may be woolly. A better series, showing a more direct linkage with temperature, can be found in a closely related species, *Rattus fulvescens*. In a series of a score or so skins, collected from sea-level to various heights up to 7000 ft., there is little to choose between them by sight. With the finger moving against the grain of the fur, on the other hand, there



A DIFFERENCE IN PELAGE WHICH IS "VERY STRIKING TO THE TOUCH AND ONLY BARELY DISCERNIBLE WITH THE EYE": (LEFT) THE HARSH FUR OF *RATTUS RATTUS* FROM THE NEW GUINEA STORE; AND (RIGHT) THE WOOLLY FUR OF *RATTUS RATTUS BALUENSIS*.

conditions in which they permanently live. So long as there is plenty of food about, they seem to be able to stand almost any amount of cold." This growing of a thicker coat with the lowering of the temperature is, of course, not peculiar to rats, nor to life in refrigerators. In regard to rats more especially it has been the cause, partially at least, of a good deal of perplexity.

The City's rats belong to two species, *Rattus rattus*, the black rat, and *R. norvegicus*, the brown rat. In a recent monograph on rats as a whole, Ellerman identifies no fewer than ninety-eight sub-species, or races, of *Rattus rattus*. A species capable of so much subdivision

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rat, characteristic of sea-level, could very well be caught at a higher altitude. As to the black, or ships', rats, living around the seaports, it is always possible that a woolly-coated individual caught at Sierra Leone may recently have escaped from a ship discharging cargo from Aberdeen or Bergen, and vice versa.

The rats of London's City may so far have contributed more of interest than of scientific data, and the rats of the world may still be a source of bewilderment to the systematist, but the challenge so presented has been taken up, and rats may eventually teach us more than how not to store our food reserves.

NEW INVENTIONS FROM JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES,
CHIMPANZEES AS X-RAY PATIENTS, AND OTHER ITEMS.



DEMONSTRATING A NEW LIFE-SAVING SUIT: MR. HORIUCHI, THE INVENTOR, COMES TO THE SURFACE AFTER BEING SUBMERGED, AND FLOATS WITH HIS HEAD WELL OUT OF THE WATER. Mr. T. Horiuchi, a young Japanese, has invented a new life-saving suit which it is claimed will support the wearer almost indefinitely in water and will also bring the wearer to the surface if he is submerged. In an emergency, the suit is pulled on, covering even the head. The exhaled air breathed by the wearer then fills the buoyancy "tank" of chemical-fibre fitted to the chest. The suit only weighs 5 lb.



HOLDING UP THE NEW LIFE-SAVING SUIT WHICH HE HAS INVENTED: MR. HORIUCHI, WHO CLAIMS THAT IT WILL SUPPORT THE WEARER ALMOST INDEFINITELY IN WATER.



A U.S. TELEVISION DEVICE DESIGNED TO END FAMILY SQUABBLES: THE "DUOSCOPIC" RECEIVER, ON WHICH TWO DIFFERENT PROGRAMMES CAN BE SHOWN SIMULTANEOUSLY. While the pros and cons of an alternative television programme are still being discussed in this country, two programmes can now be shown simultaneously on one screen in the United States. A new set called the "Duoscopic" receiver makes this possible. To the naked eye one picture appears superimposed on the other, and to the ear the sounds overlap. But by the use of polarized spectacles, or polarized glass panels in front of the screen, and discriminatory earphones, the pictures and their accompanying sounds can be separated. Whichever programme is not desired is eliminated.



WEARING SPECIAL POLARIZED GLASSES AND SEPARATE HEARING DEVICES: TWIN SISTERS VIEWING DIFFERENT TELEVISION PROGRAMMES ON ONE SCREEN.



A HUGE AMERICAN LANDING-CRAFT, NOW UNDER TEST, LANDING WITH A LOAD OF 203 TROOPS DURING RECENT DEMONSTRATIONS AT FORT STORY, VIRGINIA. This gigantic landing-craft is called a B.A.R.C., and has been recently tested in Virginia by the United States Transportation Corps. It weighs some 60 tons and is designed chiefly to carry heavy equipment such as tanks, cranes and locomotives. In our photograph it is being used as a personnel carrier.



"I AM SURE I CAN DO THIS MYSELF": A CHIMPANZEE AT BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS HAS HIS CHEST X-RAYED WHILE HIS COMPANIONS AWAIT THEIR TURN. Six chimpanzees at Bertram Mills Circus recently had their chests X-rayed and this photograph shows the scene as Billy tried to help with the apparatus and his playmates queued up, very dejectedly, to await their turn to investigate the mysteries of the X-ray unit.

A PICTORIAL GRAND TOUR FOR LONDONERS:
"ITALY 1700-1800"—A CURRENT EXHIBITION.



NAPLES. "VIEW OF THE BAY c. 1775"; BY THOMAS JONES (c. 1730-1803), A FOLLOWER OF RICHARD WILSON. (Signed. Canvas; 30 by 50½ ins.)



VENICE. "THE CHURCH OF THE REDENTORE FROM THE ZATTERE"; BY JOHAN RICHTER (c. 1667-1748), A SWEDISH WHO PAINTED VENETIAN SCENES. (Canvas; 14½ by 20½ ins.)



ROME. "PONTE SISTO, c. 1770": BY JAMES FORRESTER (OP. 1760-1771), AN ARTIST WHO PAINTED ALMOST ENTIRELY IN ROME. THIS PICTURE WAS REPRODUCED IN "OLD ENGLISH LANDSCAPE PAINTERS," BY COLONEL M. H. GRANT, VOL. I., PLATE 68. (Canvas; 30 by 49½ ins.)



NAPLES. "FISHING BY TORCHLIGHT IN A CAVERN"; BY PIETER FABRIS (OP. 1768-1777), AN ITALIAN PAINTER WHO USED TO EXHIBIT IN LONDON. (Signed and dated. Canvas; 20½ by 25 ins.)



SICILY. "VIEW OF PALERMO"; BY SOLOMON DELANE (1727-1812), A SCOTTISH PAINTER WHO SPENT MUCH OF HIS TIME TRAVELLING ON THE CONTINENT. (Canvas; 25½ by 51 ins.)

AN exhibition entitled "The Grand Tour; Italy 1700-1800" was due to open at Messrs. Tooth's Bruton Street Galleries on January 12, and is to continue until February 6. The works on view include a portrait of an Englishman on the Grand Tour in 1775 by Pompeo Battoni (not illustrated), which serves as a peg on which to hang the "Grand Tour" display of Italian landscapes, the majority painted by artists who were not Italian by birth, and whose names are not very well known, although, as the Exhibition shows, they produced some delightful work. Johan Richter, for instance, was a Swede who painted Venetian views before the celebrated Canaletto, and Solomon Delane and James Forrester were of Scottish birth. In contrast to these is Pieter Fabris, an Italian painter who used to exhibit in London.

DELIGHTFUL WORK BY LESSER MASTERS: ITALIAN LANDSCAPES NOW ON VIEW.



FLORENCE. "THE PONTE SANTA TRINITA, c. 1770"; BY THOMAS PATCH (1725-1782), WHO IS BEST KNOWN FOR HIS CARICATURES. (Canvas; 34½ by 47 ins.)



NAPLES. "VIEW OF VESUVIUS"; BY ANTONIO JOLI (1700?-1777), A PAINTER OF ITALIAN VIEWS WHO ALSO WORKED IN LONDON; INFLUENCED BY CANALETTO. (Canvas; 25½ by 40½ ins.)



ROME. "THE PORTA RIPETTA"; BY G. VAN VITELLI (1674-1738), A DUTCH ARTIST BORN IN UTRECHT WHO WENT TO ITALY WHEN YOUNG AND ITALIANISED HIS NAME. HE OBTAINED THE PATRONAGE OF THE SPANISH REGENT IN NAPLES; AND AFTER THE REVOLUTION WENT TO ROME. (Canvas; 29½ by 52½ ins.)



NAPLES. "VIEW OF THE FORESHORE, 1770"; BY FRANCIS SMITH (OP. 1768-1773), AN ARTIST BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN BORN IN ITALY. HE EXHIBITED AT THE R.A. IN 1770. (Canvas; 25 by 50 ins.)



PERUGIA. "THE FALLS OF TERNI"; BY THOMAS PATCH (1725-1782). (Signed. Canvas; 35 by 48 ins.)

On this and the facing page we reproduce some paintings from "The Grand Tour; Italy 1700-1800," an attractive exhibition which was due to open in the Bruton Street Galleries of Messrs. Tooth on January 12, and is to continue until February 6. Although the works on view include paintings by Canaletto and Guardi, the majority of the exhibits are by lesser men, whose names are probably only known to the *cognoscenti*. Thomas Patch is a painter, however, with whose work as a caricaturist most people are familiar, but his achievements as a landscape painter present what is to the majority an unusual side of his art. He went to

Florence in 1756 and remained there until his death in 1782. Van Vitelli, whose patronymic was Wittel, was Dutch by birth. He went to Italy early in life and Italianised his name. He obtained the patronage of the Spanish Regent in Naples and worked there for a time, but after the Revolution he went to Rome and painted views of that city and other Italian seaports and towns. Francis Smith is believed to have been born in Italy, where most of his pictures were painted. Antonio Joli, a painter of Italian views, came to England during the reign of George II. and painted London views of the Thames.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

ONCE in a way there has to be a novel from South Africa that one can't do with. It would be superstition to think otherwise; and yet examples have been monotonously lacking since I don't know when. But I am now assured that probability still works, and that suggestion is not paramount. I started "The Lying Days," by Nadine Gordimer (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), in complete faith and hope, expecting to be caught up any minute, and at the end I was still plodding. Not that it need be everybody's Waterloo. One can't just call it a relapse, and some may well find it superlative. It shows amazing talent; also, it is inordinately long. Indeed, the vastness and the theme, taken together, and added to its character as a first novel, ought to foreshadow the objections.

It is the story of a girl's growing up and "sentimental education," told by herself. Needless to say, she has acute intelligence and sensibility. Her early background—the official quarters of a gold mine—is extremely narrow. At seventeen, she has a holiday encounter with dissent and love. Ludi, to her naive dismay, has not the faintest urge to get ahead; he would be thought a no-good at the mine, and talks of it as the last ditch. This, when digested, is a revelation. She returns home to brood, and preen her wings, and chafe against her parents, and nurse her fading memories of Ludi till there is nothing left. The next step is the University. And in Johannesburg she finds a whole society of kindred spirits, living the good, untrammelled life. She becomes conscious of the African; and woos a shy young native girl, Mary Seswayo, with persistent kindness. Not that it leads to anything, except a fierce row with her mother. She is too crude to learn from her friend Joel, of the Concession store, who has escaped his parents gently—and a shade too young to love a Jew. So it is Paul instead: Paul the enchanting and unstable, who has a job on Native Welfare, cares for it passionately, and for a time adores her without stint. At that time they are going to marry. But the weather spoils, and Malan's Government is the last straw; it turns his instability to a disease. Also, by then, she has seen through the champions of the courageous life. And a long pause ends in the panacea of a trip to Europe.

This theme could not be less original in outline. But then there are no outlines. Everything is described and analysed up to the hilt; and, I must add, with extraordinary brilliance. Yet it is still too much; only a Proust could bring it off. Not only is the wood lost in the trees, the trees are half-invisible for undergrowth.

OTHER FICTION.

"A Power of Roses," by Ruth Park (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), though infinitely less aspiring, and in appearance not laboured at all, shows up by contrast as the epitome of how to do it. This is natural-born story-telling. It is full of life; people have room to move about, and scenes are merely there, without the omnipresent sense of a mind working on them.

And then, this writer has one outstanding charm. She doesn't grind the faces of the poor—though grinding them into a strict reflection of their lot is now the usual thing, and in its drabest form passes for sympathy. Whereas with her, the underprivileged are fully human. They are as much people as anyone. Worse still, they may be thoroughly enjoying their lives.

And Miriam's life in the Jerusalem with Uncle Puss—though they eat scraps, and get by on his old-age pension—is extremely snug. They have advantages, of course. Miriam is only twelve, a hawk-eyed urchin with a maternal heart; and Uncle Puss, though rickety, is full of bounce. And, most important, they adore each other. Some inmates of the tall, old, clay-coloured converted pub under the arch of Sydney Bridge are undeniably in a bad way, but from disease, or loneliness, or an unhappy home—never from simple hardship. And often money wouldn't help. It would be no good to the Chinese laundryman; or to Mr. Creeping Christmas, of the fish shop and the flowing hair; or to Cheap Billy Ketchel's family, if he were still around. And they have all one privilege in common. There on the "doormat of the city" they have flowers and sea, and marvellous dissolving views, and the colossal wonder of the Bridge. When Miriam climbs on to the roof with Uncle Puss's cherished spyglass, she finds a magic world, and is, unconsciously, weaving her life's romance.

"A Time to Laugh," by Laurence Thompson (Andre Deutsch; 8s. 6d.), is an amusing, sympathetic note on an odd corner of the war. Masterson Bey is out recruiting for the Buna Service Corps (not, we are told, to be confounded with the Sudan Service Corps), when a lion hunts him up a tree. Thus he descends on Laweyn, which he would otherwise have skipped. Being there, he wants his pound of flesh; and the chief palms him off with Gadein, as the booby of the family.

And so this innocent is pitchforked into chaos—where he sweats to please, and finds a big thrill in the "lorry magic." But there is no causation in his world; all is the work of spirits, who are unpredictable. Even at home they had a down on him, and now, after pursuing him intermittently right to Tobruk, they finished off with a court martial. Gadein has done nothing, understands nothing, and finally goes deaf with torment. And as the English officers understand less than nothing about Gadein, it is just too bad.

However, on second thoughts they make it up to him. The tale is at once lively and informative, full of good strokes and varied and convincing types.

"Anna, Where Are You?" by Patricia Wentworth (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), features Miss Silver as before, in a crime-comedy-romance above her average. Anna, that dreariest of girls, has disappeared; she took an unknown job, and from that moment ceased to write. And as she always wrote to Thomasina, there must be something up. Therefore Miss Silver is applied to. The job, she learns, was that of governess to three wild children, in a half-ruined house, among a colony of cranks; but the mysterious Anna has moved on. Miss Silver steps into her shoes. She is soon followed up by Thomasina, followed by an irate swain; and what with bank murders off-stage, the Craddockes and their domesticities, and the assorted cranks, Deep End is full of incident and animation.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IMPERIAL RUSSIA; AND THE TUDORS.

POLITICAL assassination is a weapon (to use an understatement) which can be justified only rarely and sparingly. Yet there are occasions in the history of the world when it has been justified, and others when an attempt which was unsuccessful might have altered the course of the world's history and decreased the sum of human sufferings. In the first category comes, I think, the murder of Rasputin; in the second, the attempt on Hitler's life by the aristocrats and officers who failed, with such terrible consequences to themselves and their families, on July 20, 1944. One thing they had in common—both attempts were made too late. Even without the evidence of Prince Felix Youssouppoff, the author of "Lost Splendour" (Cape; 18s.), it is clear that Rasputin, the "Evil Monk," was fatal to the destinies of Imperial Russia. It was not merely that he undermined the

morale of the Court—never very high—or that he possessed so strong an influence over that poor, foolish woman, the Tsarina, but that he was strongly pro-German and his intrigues with, and protection of, the pro-Germans and, indeed, enemy agents who swarmed about him, reduced to impotent dismay the very many patriots who still existed in all classes of society in Russia. Had the assassination of Rasputin taken place a year earlier, the whole course of history might have been changed. As it was, this act, carried out eventually by Prince Youssouppoff, the Grand Duke Dimitri (both of them very young men) and two fellow conspirators, was too late to save Russia and to save the dynasty. The story as told by Prince Youssouppoff is as dramatic as it is horrifying. For months he had been cultivating the friendship of this extraordinary creature. So much so that when at last he had lured him to a private party in the basement of the Prince's palace in St. Petersburg, it took him, as he says, a mental rehearsal of all Rasputin's crimes to give him the resolution to carry it through. Cyanide, as our agents knew and as Himmler showed, is one of the quickest acting of poisons. The conspirators had prepared a plate of sweet cakes, of which Rasputin was fond, each sprinkled with enough cyanide to kill several men almost instantly. In addition there were several glasses of wine similarly poisoned. Rasputin ate cake after cake until the plateful was finished, and drank all the poisoned wine available without turning a hair, except that some *two hours later* he complained of a heaviness in the head and a burning sensation in the stomach. After this, however, he asked for more wine, recovered, and made his horror-stricken assassin sing gypsy music to him on a guitar. Finally, the Prince went upstairs, told his incredulous friends that the poison had had no effect, borrowed the Grand Duke Dimitri's revolver and shot Rasputin through the heart. The doctor, who had prepared the cyanide, pronounced him indubitably dead. But this was not the end. Filled with "a vague misgiving," Prince Youssouppoff went down to the basement while his fellow conspirators were discussing the disposal of the body. He felt Rasputin's pulse: "Not a beat, he was dead. . . . I was just about to go, when I suddenly noticed an almost imperceptible quivering of his left eyelid. I bent over and watched him closely; slight tremors contracted his face. All of a sudden, I saw the left eye open. . . . A few seconds later his right eyelid began to quiver, then opened. I then saw both eyes—the green eyes of a viper—staring at me with an impression of diabolical hatred. The blood ran cold in my veins. . . . Then a terrible thing happened; with a sudden violent effort Rasputin leapt to his feet, foaming at the mouth. A wild roar echoed through the vaulted rooms, and his hands convulsively thrashed the air. He rushed at me, trying to get at my throat, and sank his fingers into my shoulder like steel claws. His eyes were bursting from their sockets, blood oozed from his lips. And all the time he called me by name, in a low, raucous voice." To cut this terrible story short, Rasputin, shot through the heart and with enough cyanide in him to kill a battalion, escaped from the room out into the courtyard, where it took four more bullets to give him his quietus. Apart from this single, terrifying incident, Prince Youssouppoff's book presents a charming picture of the old Russia before 1914—and explains why an act which has obviously haunted him ever since may not have made such a difference after all.

If Rasputin, as Prince Youssouppoff firmly believes, was diabolically possessed, the heroine (or should it be the villainess?) of "The Great Iron Ship," by James Dugan (Hamish Hamilton; 16s.), seems to have been overrun by all the gremlins which have ever affected a vessel afloat. This fantastic vessel was the brain child of Isambard Kingdom Brunel, probably one of the greatest (though one of the least fortunate) of Britain's great nineteenth-century engineers. The *Great Eastern*, originally conceived just over 100 years ago, was five times the size of the biggest vessel then afloat, and was designed to carry 4000 passengers—almost twice as many as the *Queen Mary* to-day. She was 692 ft. long, had six masts, five funnels, two sets of engines powerful enough "to run all the cotton-mills in Manchester," two enormous paddle-wheels and a 24-ft. propeller, which is still the largest any ship has ever possessed. And she was a continuing disaster. Everything went

wrong from the beginning, from the months-long failure to get her launched sideways into the Thames. She caused her designer to have a fatal stroke. She sank four other ships, made six knights, caused thirteen law suits, laid the Atlantic cable, and ended up as a floating circus in the Mersey! Nevertheless, for all her failures, she remains one of the greatest tributes to the toughness, enterprise and optimism of our Victorian ancestors. A fascinating book which tells its own story.

Two volumes which I must recommend most warmly are those on "Tudor England," by David Harrison (published by Cassell; each at 35s.) The two volumes carry the story from the accession of Henry VII. to the death of Queen Elizabeth. It is profusely and charmingly illustrated, and contains one of the best summaries of the character and achievements of Henry VIII. I have ever read, together with the most balanced account of the clash between the old and new religions which has appeared for many a long year. The second volume is devoted—rightly—almost exclusively to the reign of Elizabeth I., and, like its predecessor, is scholarly without pedantry, and readable without superficiality. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE prowess of Soviet chess masters having become almost legendary, "Bob" Wade took our breath away when, in the Hastings Christmas Congress, he followed up his draw with Bronstein (given in these Notes last week) by beating Tolush.

QUEEN'S PAWN, NIEMTSO-INDIAN DEFENCE.

| White | Black. | White. | Black. |
|-------------|------------|-------------|------------|
| R. G. Wade. | A. Tolush. | R. G. Wade. | A. Tolush. |
| 1. P-Q4 | Kt-KB3 | 3. Kt-QB3 | B-Kt5 |
| 2. P-QB4 | P-K3 | 4. Q-B2 | |

A perfectly good move, though the modern fashion is to continue with 4. P-K3 and allow Black to double White's pawns by . . . B×Ktch; P×B if he wishes—White's centre is strengthened.

| | | |
|-------------|--------|-------|
| 4. . . P-B4 | 5. P×P | Kt-R3 |
|-------------|--------|-------|

Making for K5 via QB4. 6. P-B3 followed by 7. P-K4 is one good way of crossing this plan; Wade adopts another, in which his ninth move is an important link.

| | | | |
|------------|--------|------------|-------|
| 6. Kt-B3 | Kt×P | 9. Kt×B | P-Q4 |
| 7. B-Q2 | P-QKt3 | 10. P-QKt4 | Kt-R3 |
| 8. Kt-QKt5 | B×Bch | | |

Not 10. . . Kt(B4)-K5?; 11. P×P!, aiming at Kt-B7ch.

| | |
|----------|---------|
| 11. P-K4 | Castles |
|----------|---------|

Not 11. . . Kt×KtP; 12. Q-R4, Kt-B3; 13. BP×P, P×P; 14. Kt-Q4! and 14. . . B-Q2 fails against 15. Kt×Kt, Q-B2; 16. P×P, Kt×P; 17. Q-K4ch.

All this was undoubtedly known, studied and prepared long before the game by Wade, who is famed for his enterprising adoption of new lines of play in the opening.

| | | | |
|-----------------|-------|------------|------|
| 12. P-QR3 | B-Kt2 | 16. Kt-K5! | Q-K2 |
| 13. B-Q3 | R-B1 | 17. Q-K2 | B-R1 |
| 14. Castles (K) | P×BP | 18. Kt×RP | Q×Kt |
| 15. Kt×BP | Q-Q2 | 19. B×Kt | R-B6 |

Black has considerable positional compensation for the pawn, and a move later spurs to regain it by 20. . . R×P.

| | | | |
|-----------|--------|----------|------|
| 20. B-Q3 | Q-B2 | 23. P×P | Q×Kt |
| 21. P-B4 | R-Q1 | 24. P×Kt | K-R1 |
| 22. KR-Q1 | P-KKt4 | | |

24. . . Q×BP would have been natural and good. Black seems determined to avoid a draw at all costs. He succeeds!

| | | | |
|-----------|--------|----------|---------|
| 25. QR-B1 | Q-Q5ch | 27. P-K5 | R-KKt1? |
| 26. K-B1 | R×P. | | |

The turning point of the game. 27. . . Q-KB5ch would have still kept White in trouble. 27. . . R×B would lose, however; 28. R×R, Q×R; 29. Q×Q, R×Q; 30. R-B8ch!

| | | | |
|-----------|------|-----------|-------|
| 28. R-B4! | Q-Q4 | 29. R-Kt4 | R-KB1 |
|-----------|------|-----------|-------|

If 29. . . R-Q1; 30. B-B2.

| | | | |
|-----------|-----|------------|----------|
| 30. R-Kt7 | R×B | 31. R×RPch | Resigns. |
|-----------|-----|------------|----------|

A cataclysmic finish. If 31. . . K×R, the White queen mates in three moves on Kt7.

RAOUL DUFY AT THE TATE GALLERY: A CURRENT MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.



"THE CORNFIELD," 1930. A WORK IN THE FIRST RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION OF DUFY'S WORK TO BE HELD IN THIS COUNTRY. (Oil on canvas; 51 by 64 ins.) (Mrs. A. F. Kessler.)



"HOARDINGS AT TROUVILLE," PAINTED IN 1906. ONE OF THE GROUP OF WORKS ILLUSTRATING RAOUL DUFY'S EARLY DEVELOPMENT. (Oil on canvas; 22½ by 28½ ins.) (M. Vinot, Paris.)



"YELLOW CONCERT," 1943. ONE OF THE GROUP OF DUFY PAINTINGS SHOWN UNDER THE TITLE OF "THEMES" AT THE TATE GALLERY. (Oil on canvas; 23½ by 28½ ins.) (M. Louis Carré, Paris.)



"PORTRAIT OF M. GASTON DUFY IN MILITARY UNIFORM," INSCRIBED "À BÉATRICE," PAINTED IN 1900. (Oil on canvas; 24 by 19½ ins.) (M. Gaston Dufy, Sèvres.)



"THE CIRCUS," ONE OF THE SUBJECTS WHICH GREATLY APPEALED TO DUFY. SIGNED AND DATED 1934. (Oil on canvas; 25½ by 32 ins.) (Dr. Roudinesco, Paris.)



"INDIAN MODEL AT THE STUDIO IN L'IMPASSE GUELMA," PAINTED IN 1928, THE PERIOD DURING WHICH HE CARRIED OUT THE DECORATIONS FOR DR. VIARD'S HOUSE. (Oil on canvas; 32 by 39½ ins.) (M. Mouradian, Paris.)

A retrospective and memorial exhibition of the work of Raoul Dufy (1877-1953) arranged by the Arts Council of Great Britain and the Association Française d'Action Artistique, opened at the Tate Gallery on January 9, and will continue until February 7. It is a smaller version of the large memorial exhibition held last year in Paris, and includes a section illustrating the painter's early development in which the earliest painting is a self-portrait of 1898. Dufy is,

as a rule, considered chiefly as a gay, decorative painter, and he will be remembered for his textile and tapestry designs, his engravings on wood for Apollinaire's "Le Bestiaire" of 1911, as well as for his paintings. M. Raymond Cogniat, who contributes the introduction to the catalogue, however, considers that Dufy was by no means just the "charming and beguiling virtuoso," but an artist of greater weight. Visitors will be able to make their own assessment.

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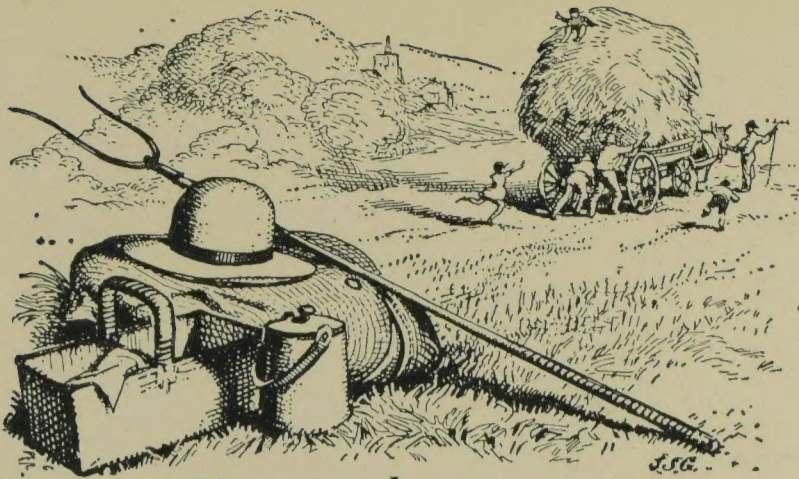
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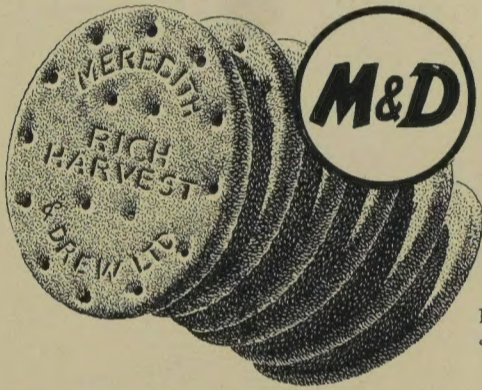
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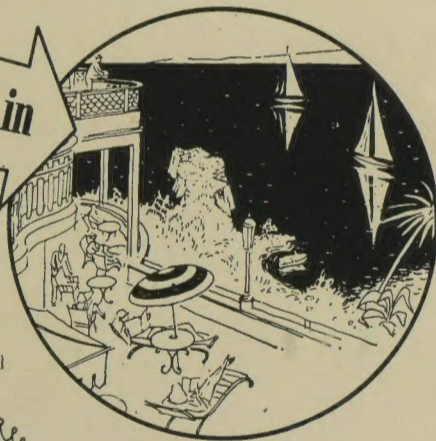
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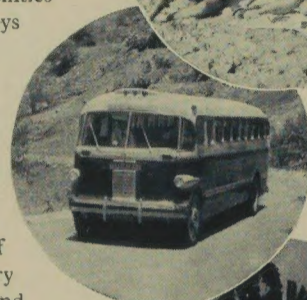
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